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PRESIDENT WILSON'S answer to the German note of October 12th in its most vital passage is nominally addressed to the present German government, but it is really a message to the German people. He directs their attention to the passage in his speech of July 4th, in which he calls for the "destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its own single choice, disturb the peace of the world." He charges that the "power which has hitherto controlled the German nation" answers to his description. He declares that the choice of altering it or having it altered lies with the German people. Finally he offers them a great compensation if they choose to alter their government and threatens them with dire punishment if they refuse. His wording of this "condition" is of the utmost importance and calls for closer scrutiny than it has generally received. The note says: "The President's words just quoted naturally constitute a condition precedent to peace, *if peace is to come by the action of the German people themselves.*" The last sentence is susceptible of only one interpretation. If the German people wish to be consulted about their own fate, they must overthrow their government. Should they refuse to overthrow their government he demands practically unconditional surrender. But if they consent to overthrow their government the President issues a pledge to the German people that they will be granted participation in the "action" whereby peace comes. "The whole process of peace will in his judgment depend upon the definiteness and the satisfactory character of the guaranties which can be given in this fundamental matter."

THE way in which the President phrased his discussion of the conditions of an armistice also deserves close scrutiny. An armistice is, of course, primarily a military convention, and its acceptance by either one side or the other depends chiefly upon the calculation of the comparative military advantages of ceasing or continuing to fight. In case, for instance, General Foch possesses any good chance of partly destroying the German troops before they can be extricated from their exposed position, it would be mere weakness for the Allied generals to cease fighting as long as any possibly dangerous difference of political opinion existed between the German and Allied governments. On the other hand, if the German army can retire to the frontier without excessive loss, and if the task of forcing them to retire is likely to be very costly, an armistice may be worth discussing even though some difference of political opinion remains to be removed. For if the fighting was renewed it would be an immense advantage for the Allies to renew it on German soil. The only people possessing the facts on which to base these decisions are the Army Staffs, and the President was bound to refer them to the "military advisers" of the Allied governments. The assumed fear that he would sacrifice some important military advantage by acting without the advice of the Allied staffs was born of the feverish mistrust and appre-

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hension which so many red-blooded Americans consider to be the fitting state of mind for a civilian to cultivate during war. But an armistice is frequently a political as well as a military convention, and cannot usually be left to the soldiers alone. It would be easy to intrude provisions in an armistice, whose effect would be to convert the President's speech of January 8th, 1917, containing the fourteen points, into a civilian irrelevance. The President is clearly seeking to protect his country against such a calamity by confining the military terms which are to be exacted in any future armistice within definite limits. He describes them as "guaranties of the maintenance of the present military supremacy of the armies of the United States and of the Allies in the field." Any armistice which complied with this definition would be powerless to prejudice the decision of any essentially political problem.

THE President had committed himself by his whole management of the controversy with the present German government to insist on its overthrow, but never has he appealed so directly, so dramatically and so solemnly to the German nation for its assistance. If the appeal is to be effective, he should in fairness to the people whose institutions he is seeking to mould and whose support he is soliciting clear up some ambiguities in his policy and do away with some of the hesitations and misgivings which might naturally occur to a sincere German democrat. He asks the German nation for definite "guaranties" as to the nature of their future government. But what guaranties does he want? It is he who is dictating to them, not they to him. Will he be satisfied with a democratic franchise in Prussia, ministerial responsibility and some effective measure of parliamentary or popular control over the army and navy and the foreign policy of Germany? Or will he insist, as most Americans apparently believe, on the abdication of the Hohenzollerns and the substitution of a republic for the former empire? Even more important for the success of his policy than its definition is additional assurance of its authenticity. Up to date the British, the French and the Italian governments have not unmistakably associated themselves with the President either in demanding the overthrow of the German government, or in offering immunity to the German people in case they comply with the demand. Moreover, as we point out elsewhere, there is an increasingly explicit and powerful agitation in this country against granting any immunity to the German people under any conditions. Ex-Presidents of the United States, Senators, Congressmen and representative newspapers are frankly dissenting from the President's plan to treat a defeated and repentant Germany differently from an unrepentant and undefeated Germany. These dissents and the failure of the Allies as yet explicitly to reenforce the President's demand may deprive it of its maximum effect.

MAJOR GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE discovers a "ring of sincerity about the last message signed by Dr. Solf which has been lacking in all the earlier proposals from Germany." American public opinion would do well to accept the truth of this statement and to ponder its consequences. Doubtless an infusion of manoeuvre still pervades the Solf note, but when a government begins to manoeuvre with the kind of pawns which the German government is now using, its enemies would do well not to treat the operations lightly. The note is a clear and humiliating confession of defeat and culpability to which no government would for a moment consent, unless it considers its own life and that of the nation at stake. The German nation has stripped itself of all its pride and in effect prostrated itself on the ground before its conquerors. It has done so because, after the arrogant and predatory nature of its political policy before and during the war, it could not recover its morale unless it confessed in public that it was beaten and that it deserved to be beaten. The German army can still fight, but it cannot fight unless its leaders can succeed in substituting a defensive morale for its former lust of power and conquest. Its rulers are submitting to these voluntary humiliations in the expectation either of obtaining a tolerable peace or, failing that, of securing an intense and universal popular determination among the German people to fight until the end in order to save their nation from being exterminated. If they can succeed in securing this feeling, their peace offensive will have been successful. They will have perpetuated their own power by proving to the German people that only military leadership persisted in at all costs can protect German national safety and enable it to survive. It is this new lease of power which President Wilson, hampered though he is by the way in which the American press and many American citizens misunderstand him, is laboring to prevent the Junkers from getting.

THE rumored resignation of Ludendorff, in rage over the acceptance of evacuation, is at least indicative of a sentiment in Germany of which we may not be taking sufficient account. Ludendorff knows that Germany is beaten, but it is very unlikely that he or any other member of the High Command would admit that the present military

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situation makes anything like acceptance of such drastic terms inevitable. Most generals, in Ludendorff's position, would prefer resistance to the point of extermination—of their men. They would be inclined to gamble on the chance of escaping disaster in the few weeks remaining before the storms of winter begin to retard Allied progress. It is characteristic of the military temperament to hope against hope, to overestimate the chances of a favorable turn of fortune. After all, they ask themselves, have they not at least four million soldiers with whom to dispute the Allied advance? Say they lose two hundred thousand a week: they will still have a formidable force which, rested through the winter might at least dispute the line of the Meuse. In the meantime the German people would have to endure another winter of privation, but neither would the French nor the British people live at ease. If we gave ourselves time to consider how much of this sentiment there must be in the German command and in civilian conservative circles, we should better appreciate the wisdom of President Wilson in giving such shape to his diplomacy that the democratic movement in Germany works in alliance with us toward the defeat and discredit of German militarism.

GERMAN conservative opinion, after the Solf note, is reported to have taken an extremely mournful tone. It is no wonder. Whatever else the peace discussion may have done, it has already shattered two of the chief bulwarks behind which minority rule in Germany defended itself against democratic assaults. Those were the Prussian franchise and the independence of the ministry from Reichstag control. By the vote of the Elections Commission of the Prussian House of Lords —Conservative members abstaining from the vote—the last residue of electoral privilege was swept away. One man one vote will henceforth be the rule in Prussia, and under it the Junkers and their allies of the wealthy and professional classes will inevitably be thrust toward a position of political impotence. What most embitters the Conservative opposition is the fact that the whole people realize that these reforms have been forced upon them by forces emanating from enemy countries. They are a symbol of surrender that can never be deleted from the pages of German history. It is not remarkable that the more irreconcilable Junkers are denouncing reforms undertaken at this time as a species of treason. They had expected their supposedly docile people to fight to the last man in defense of everything German, including even the German institutions that held them in hopeless political subjection.

WHEN in the spring of this year the Germans began their furious offensive and for a while carried everything before them, it was hard in the light of the fighting experience of the three previous years to explain their unprecedented success. The fifth British army and the French units holding the Chemin des Dames suffered reverses which seemed to indicate either inferior morale and leadership on the part of the defeated troops or else the final achievement of superiority by the Germans in the art of modern warfare. Americans were naturally reluctant to accept either of these suppositions as true. But if the successes of the Germans in the spring were difficult to explain, except as the result of a supposed German superiority in fighting power which involved consequences too repugnant for easy acceptance, the subsequent successes of the Allied armies are even more astonishing and apparently inexplicable. They have sustained during a period of three months a practically uninterrupted attack; they have supported these attacks with an intensity of artillery preparation which has prevented their losses from being too heavy; and as the result of these attacks they have blasted their way through a fortified line which was as nearly impregnable as military science and lavish expenditure could make it. The German victories in the spring have waned into insignificance compared to the victories of the Allied armies after July 15th. If the former were difficult to explain except as the result of an achieved superiority in the art of modern warfare, the immensely greater results accomplished by the latter demand for their explanation an abundance of military resources, an efficiency of military organization, an energy of leadership, and an ultimate moral vitality on the part of the French and British soldiers which is assuredly the most surprising and prodigious accomplishment of this most prodigious of all wars.

BUT although the Allied armies have earned their victories by the greatness of their exertions and by the indomitability with which they recovered from defeat, they could hardly have achieved so considerable a success unless Germany were suffering from moral and physical exhaustion. Such is, undoubtedly, the case. The spring offensive was in all probability the attempt of a desperate gambler to beat the game. It called for an expenditure of material which, if it could have been kept in reserve, might have made the Hindenburg line invincible at least during the present campaign. It called for a moral effort for the purpose of safeguarding the unjust eastern treaties, which the German nation could not put forth without serious conscious and subconscious reactions.

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The military party in Germany were probably fully aware of the risk they incurred by throwing so much of their reserve power into the offensive, but it was their only chance of self-preservation. They could not afford to wait. The whole industrial machine of Germany was breaking down with increasing rapidity. Her Allies were on the verge of exhaustion. The moral endurance of the German people would not survive under the circumstances the strain of another winter. Thus their astonishing victories were the precursors and in part the veritable cause of an even more astonishing debacle. They might have avoided the necessity of the gamble by seeking a general peace at the time of the Brest-Litovsk negotiations on the terms offered by President Wilson, but that would have meant the surrender of all their predatory objects and ultimately of their leadership in Germany. So they ran true to form and continued the gamble until the end. As a result of doing it they will have to pay a heavier penalty to the people in their own and enemy countries whose sufferings they wantonly increased.

FOREIGN students of American public opinion are constantly inquiring how far the comment of the press may be taken as indicative of the views of the mass of the people. Were the plain people of America as frenzied in their fear of the Solf note as were the great majority of the editorial writers, and are they now as confident that the President's reply closes the door to any peace not specifically acknowledged to be a peace of unconditional surrender? These are questions it is impossible to answer. The average American editorial writer is attempting, not so much to lead public opinion, or even to express it, as to keep his own record straight. He wants to play safe, and when the country is at war, safety lies on the side of extreme bellicosity. It is much safer to see traps where none exist than to fall into an actual trap unawares. American newspaper opinion must accordingly be taken as a combination, in uncertain proportions, of editorial caution and of genuine public opinion. The same thing, we suspect, is true of British newspaper opinion.

THE independent candidate for U. S. Senator from Minnesota, Mr. Willis Greenleaf Calderwood, reminds us that the Congress about to be elected will probably deal more with questions of reconstruction than with war problems. The Republicans have once more re-nominated Senator Knut Nelson, who is pledged to support the President's war policies; the Democrats have put up no candidate. The progressive elements in the state, therefore, have nominated a man who will not only enthusiastically support the war but will look beyond to the problems of democratic readjustment which may prove almost as difficult as was reconstruction after the Civil War. Mr. Calderwood is an excellent candidate, keen, clean, democratic, popular and with an unimpeachable record. He is in favor of equal suffrage, prohibition, the initiative and referendum, the public ownership of public utilities, an executive budget. His candidacy is likely to raise the tone of the campaign and to force a preliminary discussion of perplexing questions of internal policy which will demand a settlement the moment the war comes to an end.

The Defeatists

ONE by one the enemies of President Wilson's plan of a League of Nations as the instrumentality of impartial justice at the Peace Conference are coming out into the open. Mr. Roosevelt has, of course, from the start been eager and frank in his opposition. Senator Lodge, although like Mr. Roosevelt he formerly favored a similar idea, is doing his best as the leader of the Republicans in the Senate to line up his party against it. Mr. Leslie M. Shaw in his published correspondence with Mr. Tumulty pointed out with undeniable force the incompatibility between the President's plan and the exclusive nationalism characteristic of the Republican economic tradition. Organizations such as the American Defense Society and the Navy League look upon the enterprise with the same irreconcilable hostility as does the Fatherland party in Germany. Last but not least Mr. William Randolph Hearst has tentatively enlisted in the ranks of the President's opponents. In a signed editorial he has repudiated the obligations which the American nation would have to assume as one member of an organized society of nations. It will be a comforting spectacle to those who detest the Jacobin spirit in all its manifestations to see the New York Tribune and the New York American aligned on the same side of an essential issue in opposition to the President.

A peculiarly interesting declaration of hostility has recently appeared in the Villager, a journal of limited circulation in Westchester County, New York, whose expressions of opinion derive exceptional significance from the ability of its editor. It protests against Mr. Wilson's uncompromising association of a League of Nations with America's war aims, for reasons which, if true, would condemn the whole project as impracticable and dangerous. "We can and must defeat Germany," says the Villager, "but we cannot defeat her ambition." "We cannot change her heart." The Ger-

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mans are incorrigible. The Allies should treat them as if under no circumstances could they become worthy of confidence. The dominant object of the peace settlement should be the permanent organization of a preponderance of power, not to promote impartial justice, but to guarantee the future safety of an anti-German alliance. A nation such as Germany has proved herself to be will cease to be dangerous only because she ceases to exert power and only in so far as she ceases to exert power. Any association of nations which may result from the President's efforts should be designed as an instrument of force so overwhelming that a policy of future discrimination against Germany would be irresistible.

This attitude towards the problem of winning the war registers a frank and an illuminating departure from the former attitude of such journals. Last fall and winter they protested against any statement or discussion of war aims because, they said, victory was the only war aim. Military victory would be all sufficient and would by its own intrinsic virtue teach the German people the indispensable lesson and deliver the world from the threat of German domination. But now that military victory is imminent, the Villager assures us that it is not sufficient and is not the only war aim. The defeat which the Allied armies are inflicting on the German army at such a terrific cost will not impair the predatory disposition of the German people. The Allies must continue the war after the war. The measure and guarantees of the ultimate victory do not derive from military success, no matter how overwhelming. They derive from the political policy which prevails during and after the peace conference. That policy, according to journals such as the Villager and statesmen such as Senator Lodge, must be determined chiefly by the politics of power. Military victory in the war, having failed to effect any change for the better in the disposition of the German people, military policy and military values should mould the terms of peace.

Thus conservatives are now beginning to admit the impotence of military victory alone to assure the greater and more permanent political victory upon which the winning of the war finally depends. They are in this respect coming around to the position which has been occupied by the New Republic before and since America entered the war. They concede the need of supplementing a victory of the Allied soldiers with a victory of Allied statesmanship. But the political policy with which they propose to secure the fruits of military victory is in sharp conflict with that proposed by the President. After concealing for many months their political solution of the war under the dictum that victory was the only war aim, and after condemning all discussion of Allied political purposes as an attempt to win the war with words, they are now gathering to defeat the solution which the President has explicitly and repeatedly proclaimed to be the official policy of the American government. They may well succeed, for they represent a deeply rooted tradition (that of "macht-politik")—and intense emotion (that of fear, hatred and revenge)—and a powerful body of interest and opinion in all the Allied countries (that which seeks to preserve the international status quo ante). But if they succeed, they will succeed also in frustrating the generous emotions, in defeating the liberal purposes and in preventing the salutary political results which the liberal democratic leadership has associated with the cause of the Allies. What boots it if we break up Middle Europe, emancipate the Slavs, and root out the Turks if we do not take advantage of the victory over imperialism to organize a new society of nations based on equality of right?

We wonder whether they have fully considered the implications and consequences of their possible success in substituting a victory of power for Mr. Wilson's proposed victory of justice. In the address to Congress asking for a declaration of war against Germany the President clearly indicated the liberal and ultimately conciliatory nature of the political purposes of which military victory was to be the instrument. In his subsequent series of war papers and speeches, he reiterated and expanded his original proposal for a League of Free Nations as the essential agency of international justice, and for a permanent political defeat of Prussian power politics. As a result of these pledges hundreds of thousands of his fellow-countrymen entered the war sustained by the conviction that they were fighting to give birth to a new world of international peace and justice. Reassured and fired by his words, labor leaders in France and Great Britain persuaded thousands of their followers to overcome war weariness and to support their governments without flinching. His winged words were distributed in enemy countries for the particular purpose of gaining the confidence of the Bulgarian, Austrian and German people, and of making them believe in the disposition of the Allied governments to work for impartial justice. During all this time these doubters and opponents of the President's plan, except in one or two instances, remained silent. They permitted the victory for which all were working to be associated with the League of Nations. They conducted no propaganda in the press which clearly revealed to the world the existence of any quarrel between Americans as to the final political solution of the war. They

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never raised in Congress the question of repudiating the pledge made by the President of American participation in the League. They were satisfied with suppressing their own fears, scruples and convictions, and with abusing those of the President's supporters who emphasized the need of associating the winning of the war with the formation of a League of Nations. Yet now in spite of the unqualified nature of the President's pledge, the extent to which it is believed by the plain people in all countries and the suppression hitherto of overt opposition, his enemies are now planning to defeat it. If they succeed, the American citizens and the citizens of other countries who accepted the President's pledge at its face value would be tempted not without reason to charge the American government with being perfidious.

It is these opponents of the League of Nations who are the genuine defeatists. If the vindictive passions which they incarnate dominate the work of the peace conference, democracy will have fought the war in vain. For no sooner is military victory assured than the opponents of democratic internationalism proclaimed the moral and political ineffectuality of what the armies have achieved. We must treat the Germans, although defeated, just as if they were not defeated. We must fear them just as much, and we must take just as many precautions against them. And because we fear them we must use our victory over them chiefly to make them fear us. We must treat them, that is, much as they would have treated us and neutralize the necessary lack of impartial justice in our policy by a preponderance of power. In fine, we must ourselves adopt permanently a politics based on power as a safeguard against the possibility of German recovery. We must ourselves organize into an international system the Prussian "macht-politik" as a precaution against its use by the Prussians. They are ready to have Prussianism conquer us just at the moment of our victory over Prussia. It is from this fate that the President has sought and still seeks to save the western democracies by organizing the League of Free Nations. If we needed any further proof that there was no other way, the arguments and the alternative policy of his critics would supply it. They postulate the impossibility of any change in the disposition of the German people as the reason for a permanent system of international discrimination against Germany which would itself act as an insuperable barrier to any such change. The Germans would be offered a choice between being the victims of the new world order or its conquerors. If the counsel of these men is followed, the Allies will be apotheosizing force and perpetuating war as the best method of securing the fruits of a military victory won by the proclaimed guardians of democratic liberty.

For Whom Will They Speak?

THE most widely read of all Lord Northcliffe's newspapers indicates that among the conditions which must be imposed upon Germany is the surrender of certain military and other criminals, who are named. The list includes Lenine and Trotzky. The paper does not indicate how the German government is to deliver the bodies of its Russian protegés—whether we are to authorize a German expedition to Petrograd or Moscow for the purpose of their arrest—but the proposal reminds us very vividly of the fact which sooner or later we must face, namely, that when we come to make peace the enemy governments are not the only governments whose credentials we shall be compelled to scrutinize, of whom we shall be compelled to ask: "For whom do you speak?" While our trouble with Germany is that the government is not sufficiently revolutionary, with Russia it is that it is too revolutionary. Mr. Roosevelt has indeed reminded us that "Russia" is as little to be trusted as "Germany."

The matter is fundamental, not alone in the sense that it touches one of the great difficulties of self-determination and a democratic diplomacy, but also in the sense that the course of Russian development during the next decade or two will bear decisively on the future of German power and militarism. If the reaction from chaos in Russia is virtual absolutism, which well it might be, we shall be faced with a combined Russo-Prussian revival of militarism, looking it may be for support towards the east ("one of Russia's two faces is turned to the east") as a counter balance to the forces of the west. Nor indeed does the difficulty end there, for the situation we face in Russia in an acute and developed form, we are likely to face in lesser degree in the case of most of the belligerent states during the period of political reconstruction. If it be true that the Bolshevik government in no sense represents Russia can we say that governments in Britain, France and Italy to which the immense bulk of the labor and radical forces are bitterly hostile can adequately represent those countries?

We are likely shortly to run into a situation in which we shall discover that we have not really faced the question of method of democratic representation and control in the field of international politics. How far the reaction against the older ideas both political and economic for which the present governments of the European Allies stand

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has gone we do not know. We do know that there is today a profound "ferment of Revolution," as the London Times has called it, going on in all the western states of Europe, a ferment which as President Wilson himself on more than one occasion has implied, separates great masses of the people from their governments. That great fact we intend at the peace, presumably, to ignore. At any rate there is so far no indication that we have provided for it in our machinery of representation.

Let us note some of the circumstances with which we shall have to deal in this connection. If and when an armistice or surrender is arranged with Germany and her Allies, we shall still presumably maintain our military operations against the Russian Soviet government. Assume that those operations are successful and that the Bolshevik regime comes to an end. What shall we accept as a true Russian government? Certain experiences of the Allies heretofore have not been very happy.

The Russian government set up by the Allies as successors to the Bolsheviki in the northern Territory provoked so much hostility among other Russian parties that the Allied Expedition was compelled to establish a provisional government of its own. Such a course may be followed in Great Russia on the fall of the Bolsheviki. For though we learn that all Russian parties are now united against the Bolsheviki, it is probably the only thing upon which they are united. No one believes that when it comes actually to forming a government, revolutionary socialists will be able to cooperate with monarchists or bourgeois liberals. So even though a Russian government formed by the Allies works better than at present any purely native Russian government could do, how is "Russia" to be represented at the peace conference? Will the Allies obtain sanction for their government by a general plebiscite? Then it is not at all impossible that in certain large districts—where the poorer peasants predominate, the Bolsheviki, though they may not have an absolute majority, will be numerically larger than any other one party. Much of Russia will still be represented by a minority.

The difficulty is expressed in another way by Allied experience in the Ukraine. The Allies espoused the cause of the Rada party; lent money to the Ukraine government formed on the basis of the Rada, to find that that body was in fact completely subservient to the Germans. In many of the border states, as in Finland, the anti-Bolshevik parties are pro-German. The complete and solid establishment of the government on the basis of the parties of "law and order and private property" may mean creating states that in the political flux of the next decade or two may well drift towards Germany, and finally be used as pawns in German intrigue.

Perhaps the circumstances of Poland, the social and political influence of the large landholders and bourgeoisie, the general support obtained among them, as well as from other parties, for the Austrian solution, offer the best field of all for such intrigues.

How real this danger is actual experience in the Ukraine illustrates.

Imagine that peace had come shortly after the Russian revolution and that the Allies instead of advancing funds to the Ukrainian government had asked it to send delegates to the Conference—to find that those delegates were in fact German agents! How would the situation have been regularized? Or another circumstance: a Russian, Polish, or Finnish government sends delegates and is then faced by the successful revolution of a rival party (and it is just such situations which have arisen one after another in the relations of the Allies to Great Russia). The particular state in that case is represented in the world conference by its political enemies.

But imagine an analogous situation in the case of one of the great powers. Mr. Lloyd George, having been captured say by the party which is now exploiting Mr. Hughes of Australia for a British policy of imperial preference and protection, sends representatives pledged to oppose any form of a League of Nations which might embarrass the future adoption of imperial preference. Then just after the Conference a general election gives an overwhelming majority to the Labor party and Liberals, proving that its war government was not representative. (It would be a repetition of British experience in dealing with the Boer Republics). Yet that unrepresentative government may well have committed the country to a policy which the great mass of the people by its suffrages repudiates.

These are not fantastic contingencies. All of them—the difficulty of determining which Russian government really represents the Russian people, which government of Poland the Polish, and so through a dozen states; what is the real influence of parties, like the British Labor party, opposing the policy of governments represented at the Conference—all these are contingencies similar to those with which we have actually had to deal during the last year or two. The pressure of war has assured to the government in Britain, France and Italy support which will be withdrawn as soon as the pressure is released, so that the difficulty will become greater.

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There is only one democratic way out of this difficulty and that is the representation, by some means, of the opposition parties of the constituent states at the Conference itself. If this is not provided for in the official method of representation, we know beforehand what will happen. There will sit, concurrently with the official conference, an extra-governmental international conference of Labor, Socialist and Radical parties. A suggestion to that effect was made by Mr. Gompers to the British trade unionists a year or two ago. The implication underlying the suggestion of Mr. Gompers to British Labor was that the British Labor elements could not be considered as represented adequately by the British government.

Note the factor of disruption which such a situation would constitute in the non-German world. It is very generally assumed—particularly at present—that German socialism is the tool of Prussianism: that German socialism does not really stand opposed to the German government. Accept the assumption as sound. No one pretends however that the hostility to their respective governments expressed by French and British Labor men and Socialists is anything but genuine. Thus, while the non-German nations would be split by allegiance to the International the German world would not be.

But the matter goes deeper than that. The alliance of the non-German world is made up of a large number of very distinct nationalisms, nations of diverse characteristics, historical traditions, ambitions and interests. The German world is much more homogeneous in every sense. The intensification of nationalism is an element of strength for the Teutonic world, of weakness for the non-Teutonic. But there is a force progressively replacing the more separatist form of nationalism which might be a unifying force in the non-German world. It is precisely the force represented by international labor.

Two policies are available in handling these new social forces. We may flout it, and, disregarding the new undercurrents that have made themselves felt in the last few years among the mass in Europe, say that since the Labor and Socialist elements have not captured governmental authority we shall ignore them, that we can deal only with government; or, we may break with older conceptions sufficiently to face facts and admit that minority parties—or parties that have not yet captured governmental power—are indeed part of a nation and should have a voice in decisions that will determine the life of nations for, it may be generations, and long after existing governments have been succeeded by others.

This means that the coming Peace Conference—of at least twenty-five or thirty states be it remembered—will be much more in the nature of an international parliament or legislature than of a meeting of ambassadors. But if, as President Wilson has warned us must be the case, the formation of the League of Nations is itself to be an integral part of the settlement, then the Conference of the settlement must be in fact an international legislature. No democratic League of Nations could be founded on a meeting of ambassadors appointed by European war governments.

The mere inclusion in the respective governmental delegations of a minority representative would not suffice. The "German people" might in that case be represented by one tame Socialist in a cohort of generals, princes and diplomats. The Conference should be in fact and feeling a legislature where the more unifying social forces of modern Europe can create a solid bloc to resist the disruptive influence of nationalist and imperialist tendencies.

After all, what is the essence of Mr. Wilson's policy in dealing with Germany, as well as with some of his associates? It is to appeal over the heads of the governments to the masses of the people. It was the note of his Liberty Loan speech. But heretofore we have had no effective machinery for giving effect to democratic forces in the practical management of international affairs; we have had nothing in the shape of a democratic legislature of the peoples for handling what is at this moment the most vital of all legislation. If our rhetorical homage to democracy as our ideal be in fact sincere, is it not time that we considered how that ideal can be applied practically to the handling of concrete problems in the international field?

Empires at the Bar of Judgment

MOMENTOUS events are visibly drawing near. This is the plain message of the German note of October 12th. Germany is on the road to surrender, with no conditions except those by which we have proclaimed that we would be governed, as victors. True, her army has not been destroyed, her territories have not been invaded and laid waste. But her nerve has been shattered, and except we restore it by throwing our moral case to the winds in a frenzy of vengeance, Germany can not oppose the peace terms America and her Allies have decided to impose. Fortunately, we have little reason for fearing that our moral case will be abandoned, now that victory is within our grasp. Our cause is in strong hands. When the time comes for the peace conference to

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convene, American statesmanship will stand as resolutely for a peace of international justice as on the day when we entered the war.

At the bar of judgment of the new epoch three empires, embodying what was most typical in the old, are about to appear. The empire of the Hohenzollerns, founded upon intrigue and aggrandized century after century by brute force; the empire of the Hapsburgs, the most colossal monument of oppression in history; and the empire of the Turks for which oceans of blood have been shed: these empires are now to accept a peace based upon justice. Not even the privilege of voicing their surrender is accorded the three emperors. It is left to a man named Solf to give the sign of submission.

What, then, will the judgment be? Whatever, of course, best assures the world that the Houses of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg and Othman, with their satellites and retainers, shall not again disturb the world's peace. And this must mean in the first place, that the powers of war or peace shall be taken out of their hands. There may be doubt for the present as to the democratic credentials of the spokesmen of the Central Powers with whom negotiations are begun. But the democratic nations will make their own terms as to the authorities that shall ratify the peace. Kaisers and Sultans will not sign it, but representatives of the peoples that Kaisers and Sultans have ruined. And suppose that the peoples have not the machinery of representation? Then it will be set up before the peace congress adjourns. Let the Kaisers oppose at their peril. Revolution lies near the surface in defeated nations whose desire for peace is thwarted merely by the personal interest of those who misgoverned them.

In the second place we may expect confidently that the iniquitous system by which ruling and subject races are yoked together under a military aristocracy will be abrogated. Germans will rule only Germans, Magyars will rule Magyars, Turks will rule Turks. But the French of Alsace-Lorraine, the Poles of Posen, the Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs, the Italians and Rumanians of the Dual Empire, the Greeks and Armenians and Syrians of the Turkish dominions, will be free. Finland and Esthland, Lithuania and Poland and the Ukraine will be delivered from the German princes and German generals who had planned so blithely to rule their destinies. Under the triumph of democracy all the true national aspirations of continental Europe are to find themselves realized. This is now certain, but four years ago it would have been held insanity to predict such an outcome from a war which seemed destructive of all independent nationalism.

In the third place the states that openly proclaimed their superiority to the law of nations and the opinion of mankind are now to be compelled to acknowledge the error of their ways. In Germany, in Austria-Hungary, in Turkey, the men who willed the war have fallen from office. Men who would have opposed the policy of military adventure are vested with power. But this is not expiation. For acts committed in contravention of the laws of nations, on land or at sea, the Central Powers will give such satisfaction as is humanly possible before they are restored to the community of nations.

And finally, the League of Nations is to become a reality. It has been accepted in principle by the leading statesmen of the Allies; it is accepted by the enemy. How great an advance this means we can only measure by comparison with the opposition encountered by the arbitration movement before the war. In no country was that movement more than an aspiration of the minority. It was condemned to complete futility by the attitude of Germany. She would not yield up the least fraction of her alleged right to throw her sword into the scales of justice. Now she eagerly avows her willingness to make such a surrender of her sovereignty as the constitution of a League of Nations requires.

The end of autocracy, the release of subject nations, the vindication of the law of nations, the establishment of international peace on firm foundations, these are the assured fruits of the victories, military and moral, that the Allied armies and Allied statecraft are winning, we might better say, have won. For the Germans and Austrians in agreeing to peace on President Wilson's terms are accepting nothing less.

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American Women in France

I WAS surprised to meet the other day in Paris Dr. ——, a children's specialist, who had just been sent to Château-Thierry with a Red Cross unit to look after refugees.

"There didn't happen to be many refugees," she said, "and our wounded were simply pouring in. So I turned to, and pretty soon the Medical Officer in charge"—here her eyes twinkled a little; women doctors are not officially recognized in our army—"asked me to bring a boat load of them as an experiment down the Marne to Paris."

It was a twenty-four hour trip; there were one hundred fourteen wounded and a medical staff of two: one orderly, and this slight little woman with a face as brown as her khaki uniform and a vivid Texas speech. The August sun, reflected from the silver curves of the river, burned on the decks; as the doctor went from one man to another she pulled off the blankets, spreading a newspaper here and there: "What difference did it make?" After her trailed a boy with shell shock, standing dumbly at her elbow, watching her invent ways to make them comfortable, and saying once in a while: "Doctor, what *is* the matter with me?" Through one of the mistakes common to war there were few food supplies in the cabin. Luckily the American army is never far to seek; here suddenly appeared a unit of troops on the green bank. The Doctor ordered the French captain to steer close, called out her plight to the commanding officer, got everything she needed: "I tell you, everyone of those boys was fed and washed and bandaged and shaved"—yes, she even shaved them—"and *happy* when we got to Paris."

The story is more typical than anyone who has not been in France a year and watched the American woman gradually winning the right to share the fortunes of the armies can know. If I could tell it as she told it, humorously and vigorously, with no emphasis on her personal effort, only a deep sense of the joy it had been to make one hundred fourteen wounded Americans "happy" on the deck of a Marne canal boat, the readers of the New Republic would realize something of the feeling about their service which fills the hearts of these women war-workers. They realize that they have an opportunity here, in the very midst of the conflict, such as the women of no other nation have had; and—if they are at all analytical—that they owe it less to their ability—for French and English women are no less well endowed—than to the indocility to sex discrimination, and the long habit of democratic comradeship bred by their native institutions. It is these institutions that are giving their qualities free scope.

I, at least, had never half understood the worth and thrill of my heritage until I saw it put to the test of the German offensive between March 21st and July 14th; first the great army of men in olive drab, unhampered as no Europeans have ever been—that is clear enough when one sees them in relief against this ancient European background—yet proving their power to stand on the battlefield through a free and self-imposed discipline; then the smaller army of women, no less eager to give all, no less spirited and unself-conscious in the face of any difficulty or danger that found them out in their canteens and hospitals, taking their place inevitably with their countrymen, till the steel-gray Red Cross uniform, the gray and blue of the Y. M. C. A. have come to seem an integral and essentially normal part of the A. E. F.

The Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A. have now been working actively in France about a year. A recent "Congress of Allied Women on War Service," the initiative for which is due to the two latter societies, marks the epoch, makes it seem worth while to turn our minds back to those less stirring and more experimental days when the value of the American woman's contribution, except as expressed by the older societies which antedated our entrance into the war, was still almost entirely unproved.

The American military authorities were not only opposed to the mobilization of any women whatever save nurses, in the A. E. F., but sceptical of their usefulness—in Y. M. C. A. huts at the base ports, perhaps, in towns along the lines of communication, perhaps, but not in isolated camps, absolutely not at the front. This well known attitude, combined with the fact that the American Embassy had then taken no measures to centralize or analyze the war work of our women led to a great deal of anxiety on the part of the serious-minded. Would the numbers who were arriving by every steamer—there were nineteen-year-old girls amongst them, and war brides frankly indifferent to their "committees"—justify the tonnage that their presence represented? Would those workers cast adrift by the dissolution or reorganization of the smaller American committees—some of them lived permanently in France, some had lived there for a number of years—rise to their obligations?

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Doubts proved groundless. The tragic background of the war itself and its immense demands; the strength of the fine tradition already established by the older American societies; the semi-military surveillance exercised over their workers by the large new societies—untrustworthy Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. women, like untrustworthy officers in the army being promptly sent home; these elements combined automatically to electrify and steady the moral atmosphere. A voluntary registration bureau, founded in affiliation with the Red Cross, registered in the Women's War Relief Corps and advised women workers of all societies, and soon found its doors besieged not only by those who were working full time or over time, but by the least likely specimens of the ancient resident clamoring for opportunities of service. In the same way girls and women to whom life had hitherto offered no special training or discipline, and whose motives in coming to France may have been mixed, were transformed immediately into workers, first-rate workers, both for conscience and efficiency.

So many of the young have thus made good that the present twenty-five-year age limit often seems mistaken. I have a Red Cross secretary in mind about whom her chief said that she had "done more than any ten men" to put over the emergency hospitalization which developed out of the spring offensive. But long before that violent purgation, and long before the American Embassy began to demand from all organizations, as it has done since March, a monthly report on their personnel —qualifications for work, number of hours of service, etc.—thus regulating the renewal of passports, the higher powers, both French and American had decided that the American woman was well worth her place on the ships.

The majority of the older American societies—largely directed and carried on by women—which had been keeping the name of America green in France for three years had been engaged in relief and reconstruction for the French civilian population; certain of them, founded primarily for the wounded, like the A. F. F. W., had largely dropped hospital for reconstruction work in the liberated regions last autumn. Most of them became merged or associated with the Civilian Affairs Department of the A. R. C. during the autumn and winter of 1917-1918; and very naturally a considerable part of the new effort of American women went also into civilian work—for the tuberculous, for refugees, for children; in the case of the Y. W. C. A., which struck out on an entirely new line, it took the form of organizing canteens and clubs for the French women of the munitions plants.

The strictly military work in which American women began at once to engage was Y. M. C. A. canteen work for the A. E. F., and A. R. C. canteen work for the French army. The leaders of the Y. M. C. A. were always convinced of the necessity of sending women into the camps and cantonments, and their gentle insistence was soon backed by an irresistible clamor on the part of the A. E. F. But the organization was slow to give women places of first-rate responsibility and fearful of their incurring risks at the front. In an article written about the first of May, I urged that they be put on the same basis as the men secretaries. Writing four months later I can say that they not only are on the same plane of authority but engaged in all the activities, save only mass athletics, in which the Y. M. C. A. men engage, even that of serving cholocate in "abris" at the front. How thoroughly they have won their cause with our army the following testimony from a Major-General commanding a Division in the American army proves:

"While the men of the Y. M. C. A. were with the troops in the front line, the young women of the Y. M. C. A. were detailed with the hospitals, and the medical staff of this division bears testimony of their most efficient help during these two weeks of great strain.

"The conduct of these self-sacrificing and grave men and women, who have so unhesitatingly given their services to their country, establishes a standard of prestige, exceptional courage, devotion and resource, which the commanding General particularly commends."

The commanding officer of an important centre of the A. E. F. showed me last March a letter that he had written to the A. R. C. asking for—well, what he asked for in the way of women's service covered several type-written pages. It included an officers' mess, a hotel for transient officers, and a very large station canteen for troops and men going on leave; and when I went back to this centre in July these three institutions at least had been running splendidly for several months. Such service, which was unnecessary until our army began to arrive in force is now growing at a great pace along the American lines of communication, and the Red Cross women are also undertaking Hut and Home Communication work in Base Hospitals, and canteen work in aviation camps at the special desire of the Commanding General of Aviation.

But the place where Red Cross women got their first army experience was, as I have noted, in certain large French military railway centres like Châlons and Epernay. This work always made a strong human appeal both to the "society" woman

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and the college graduate; in the spring it proved one of the most stern tests of nerve and character. Well before the offensive these centres were bombed every night. Then came the more severe baptism of fire and with it the laden stretchers of wounded, overflowing the hospitals, strewn over the ground in their blood and their dirt and their pain. And the canteeners, inexperienced or not, became nurses perforce.

Indeed there has been a general evolution of Red Cross women towards nursing. The needs of our wounded suddenly became tremendous both at the front and in Paris; and when all possible trained nurses from the army, from military and civil Red Cross had been mobilized, relief workers and canteeners were transformed into nurses' aids, those with a knowledge of French being especially valuable as interpreter-aids for American soldiers in French hospitals. The Smith College Unit—theoretically a reconstruction unit—which worked with the American army for some months in the Amiens region is still nursing and feeding American soldiers in another part of the advanced zone. Many workers from the small societies have enrolled themselves in the Red Cross to enter the hospitals as aids; many Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. women have spent their Paris leave in the hospitals; and outside of Paris American women, whatever their jobs, have worked overtime doing hospital work, responding to the increasing pressure by drawing on those reserves of energy which William James told us long ago could be sounded when physical reserves seemed to be completely exhausted.

Meanwhile, American women are more and more in demand with the French. The Y. W. C. A., whose A. E. F. work is steadily growing—clubs for nurses in Base Hospitals, hotels for women war workers; hotels and surveillance of the Telephone Unit of the U. S. Signal Corps; social service for French women employed by the A. E. F.—has been asked by the French Minister of War for a large extension of its canteen work in the munitions factories, regarded as having a direct connection with the winning of the war. The French army has been so converted to the presence of American women in the war zone that one Red Cross unit has for several months been serving hot drinks in the French trenches—at the request, of course, of the general of the army concerned. And the American civilian workers still have important tasks to do, directly affecting the foundations of the League of Nations.

Imagine, for instance, the emotion of a tiny rustic village lost in the southern French mountains, a village where no American of either sex had ever been seen, where newspapers scarcely penetrate, when early in April a lovely young daughter of New England arrived there with some sixty orphan or unfortunate children of the war zone, and a few simple and bewildered elderly Sisters. Their colony, north of Paris, had been threatened by the advance: somebody had to guide them the long way south and establish them in new quarters, which were all unfurnished and ungarnished; somebody had to stay to teach and play with the children and give general moral support. Miss —— has stayed, far more remote from the events of the last months than if she were at home. But the village,—and it is only one of many—knows something about America. "Our peasant women do not speak of you as '*nos Alliées*'," said a French woman, at a Red Cross dinner, "but as *nos amies*."

The tonnage situation may permanently prevent any such feminization of the American bases as has taken place in the British army, but that sex prejudice as such is disappearing from the A. E. F. may be argued from the presence of the Telephone Unit—the only American women's organization besides the Army Nurses officially incorporated—and of the growing force of French working women who are replacing American soldier labor in our salvage plants, depots, etc., and the growing force of French stenographers and English W. A. A. C.'s—an experiment due to British cooperation—who, with a sprinkling of American women, are replacing field clerks in certain headquarters, to the joy of the field clerks and the relief of reserve officers. How many of these ex-business men used to groan that the war could not be won without women stenographers! No one can predict what changes another six months may bring but it seems inevitable that the war-work of American women will center more and more about the A. E. F., and that more and more women will be necessary—and those of the very best. If every woman now here had a hundred lives our organizations could not meet even the present aching needs.

A great body of grave women in uniform, marked as surely as any similar body of soldiers by the traces of their exhausting service, met in Paris the third week in August. They were mostly French, English and American, with a few Belgians, Italians, Serbs. Nothing less like a feminist demonstration could be imagined; even the mass meeting was entirely lacking in that sex-consciousness which one associates with large women's meetings at home. Indeed, to some radical Americans the Congress seemed to lead nowhere in particular; others, especially field workers, found it greatly inspiring. The most tangible fruit it bore was in any case spiritual,—the communion of sev-

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eral nations in the common purpose to respond to an intensifying effort, and assuage an immeasurable pain.

But when Lord Derby spoke of women's war work as a "duty" the American faces did not respond. To the American woman in France her work is an opportunity, a privilege, and, increasingly, a special personal responsibility to this A. E. F. which lives and fights and dies, so far as its great masses go, in a vast void, cut off from the family leaves and daily letters which give a semblance of normality and continuity to the exile of the European soldier. Every American woman in France has had some sort of sharp revelation of this void. She may meet it, and sometimes does, with sentimentality or flirtation. She is bound to have more glimpses of primitive instinct than she ever knew before.

But there is no doubt that she finds herself, on the whole, supported in the best American traditions by a great current of masculine feeling—subconscious on the part of the private, often highly conscious on the part of the officer. It is this that leaves her free to lead her charmed life of healthy human fellowship even at the front. "Unbecoming?" said a newly arrived officer, the other day, in reply to a feminine comment on one of the uniforms he had been praising. "But you don't notice the *face,* all you see is that nice color."

There are, of course, a few irresponsibles among these daughters of liberty, and a few heroines who will go home to talk of shells and boast of their citations. But they are a small minority. As a journalist who has access both to the front and to the rear I should like to express my view that if there are any real heroines, they are less likely to be found among the women who wear gas-masks—for they are much more than compensated for discomfort and risk by the enormous human reward inherent in their work and by their intimate share in the dramatic side of war—than among those who month after month clean saucepans and serve chocolate and "create an atmosphere" in a provincial camp, or pound a typewriter from nine till six in a Paris office. The latter will in the end stand on a level of endurance with our French and British sisters, who have had much less of the "cream" of war than we. But the bureau worker is no heroine, either; she too has the consciousness of understanding, as only those who are near it can, the rewards and punishments, the lights and shades of this immense tragedy which dominates and devours the energy of the whole world; she too, believes she is contributing an infinitesimal mite towards making the light prevail.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

From a Berkshire Cabin

MY log cabin stands at the top of a wooded limestone cliff. Not far below me is the state highway, but behind the mountain shoulder leaps up precipitously, and for ten miles there is only unbroken wilderness, peopled with shy folk whose acquaintance it is difficult to make. Nothing could be more quietly lonely and lovely than this spot, on such a bright Sabbath morning. Even the snapping purr of a motor down on the highway but accentuates the remoteness, and the peace. Peace—unfortunate word! Even here, where I have come to forget for a day, I cannot forget. Dear friends, youngsters I have watched grow up, a myriad unknown brothers of every creed and color, are today plunged in bloody conflict, killing and being killed. Man has made peace a mockery, no one man, perhaps, no one arch-militarist, for we have all too long and too complacently accepted the arbitrament of arms to shift the blame now upon a few, our rulers. But I let that pass. Rather now would I try to see just what it is in my surroundings that so delights me, and from that to realize, if I can, what strange duality in our natures must be explained in order to understand even a little the facts of armed conflict. I shall not get far, but I may learn a little about myself. . . .

Immediately about my cabin veranda, where I sit, are open glades of hard wood, the floor bright with blossoms and studded with small evergreens. But just behind is a dense stand of hemlocks. The little conifers march right up to the edge of this grove, and there stop abruptly. I can look up the mysterious, brownish-red vistas of the hemlock stand, where the rocks gleam white in the dappled spots of sunlight, and I cannot detect a single evergreen seedling. There is plenty of vegetation peeping through the carpet of needles—mitchella vines, the blue berries of Clintonia borealis, seedling birches, maples, chestnuts. But the cone seeds need the warmth of the sun that comes to them in early spring, under deciduous trees, in order to sprout. Once sprouted, they will thrive, however, under dense shade, and so get a better start than the hard woods' own seedlings. Here, in little, I see the succession of forest trees explained. . . .

I get up and walk in under the hemlocks. Looking out toward the golden sunlight, I see the little hard wood seedlings marching in to explore the shadows, like tiny green knights, the pioneers of the next forest generation. This rich mould I turn up with my boot is the deposit of forest generations dead and gone, and, all the better for such dissolution, the generation yet to be advances at

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the brown feet of the present. The wind whispers overhead, a wood peewee calls, a warbler flashes silently past. Peace and beauty, fragrance and wonder, are at the heart of the scene. . . .

On my way back, I encounter the new leaves of an hepatica, curious reminder in August of the vanished April—or is it of the April to come? To me there is a rare and delicate pleasure in detecting the foliage of the dainty spring wild flowers amid the ranker growth of summer; it is a subtle over-tone of enjoyment, or an under-song of memory. . . .

I am back on my veranda. Looking through a velvety hole along the edge of the hemlocks, I can see the naked ledges of the leaping mountain shoulder, climbing into a blue sky. Looking the other way, through the delicate tracery of the trees which ascend my cliff, I see across the valley floor, with its patchwork of fields and pastures, its road ribbons and quicksilver ponds, to the far line of dreaming hills. In a rock cleft at my feet a single fern frond, stirred by an invisible wind, beckons excitedly. Far up the mountain a hermit thrush sings once, in memory of June. In the valley a cow bell tinkles, a little girl calls a dog. The hemlocks are whispering of their sister, the sea.

Peace and loveliness enfold me, and my soul comes forth to meet them, and in the meeting to find happiness. You, who read, will know, perhaps with a pang, exactly what I mean. Your soul, too, goes out to such glad meetings. If you and I, then, if Man, that is, is so attuned, what means the red carnage of the world, the bloody paradox of history? I think now even of the men of the present offending nation. Just beyond my cabin is a shag-bark. As I look at it, a tune creeps into my head, the wind in the hemlocks playing the rippling accompaniment. Die Nussbaum—incomparable of songs! It will not do to say there is no paradox here in this race, any more than to say that this race alone has accepted the arbitrament of war. Looking behind, and beyond, the present struggle, as I can look beyond and behind the present forest, I see beauty, and the ache for beauty, everywhere, and foul cruelty beside it. Just now a hermit winged without a sound to a limb close by, saw me, and with a startled flutter melted into the deep woods. He, the loveliest of earthly singers, could not abide my presence. You may smile if you like, but I felt bitterly ashamed.

I have recently been reading of Japan and its rice riots, reading in my library, beneath a Hiroshige print. Japan, land of exquisite gardens, of color prints like no others, of sensitiveness to flower and line and landscape charm, yet breeds no less than other lands the ugliest effects of industrial despotism. What does a Hiroshige print avail to an empty pocket and an empty belly? What does it avail that Germany could give the world Die Nussbaum and Der Müller und der Bach, when she also set the match to the present conflagration? I, too, want to "face facts." One fact certainly is that Man loves beauty, knowledge, the helpful spiritual adventures of creation and imaginative enjoyment. This is as much a "fact" as the present conflict and the need of bearing arms. We must bear arms against a foe—but a foe who once produced Schumann and Schubert. Has mankind as a whole ever made an honest, enthusiastic, deeply-prompted effort to abolish wars? If not, the reason must be that he has always either secretly approved of them, or seen no way to avoid this antithesis to his better nature without a measure of personal or national self-sacrifice of which he has been incapable. Either explanation is not flattering to the creature who can imprison perfection in a song, or merely sit in the woods and thrill to the call of a hermit thrush. . . .

I have just left my chair and picked a smooth false fox glove. It reminds me of a neighbor of mine who possesses a beautiful garden, in which he works and wanders, alive to its every mood and infinitely tender of its choicest blooms. He possesses this garden by virtue of his possession of certain machines, because his possession of the machines gives him the profits on the toil of those who must use these machines or starve. There is more than a touch of the "divine right" superstition in his arrogant belief that his control over the destinies of some hundreds of his fellows is entirely his own business, and not at all theirs. The expression on his face when you mention labor unions or a minimum wage, and when you mention a Mme. Jules Dessert peony, is a study in contrasts, in the perverse duality existing in our natures. . . .

I ask the whispering hemlocks to tell me the duality in my own nature, what paradoxes my life offers between the love of beauty and the responsibility for ugliness and cruelty. I certainly feel no divine right to rule anybody, perhaps because I have never had the chance, nor do I feel that anybody has a divine right to rule me. I have always supposed that I hated ugliness, cruelty, injustice. Yet only yesterday, when I read of an Allied air raid over German cities, I found myself hoping that death and destruction had attended every bomb. Here was revengeful cruelty, loosed by war. But am I not one-billionth part responsible for war? The fraction is not large, but the thing divided is so great that even my

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share of guilt becomes oppressive. Wherein have I failed my other self?

I look out over my trees—that is it—my trees! I have failed exactly as millions of my fellows have failed, through selfishness, personal selfishness first, and national selfishness second, which is but an expanded form of the personal variety. My woods, my garden, my books, my comfort, and the other fellow's, certainly—so long as it doesn't interfere with mine; that has been the ugliness in my nature. Nationally, it is our commerce, our industries, our prosperity—and the other nation's only as it does not interfere. We have not thought and felt internationally simply because we have not thought and felt intersocially. For almost two thousand years we have mumbled the phrases of such thought, but one city slum confutes us. The question is, will one world war awake us?

Yet another paradox cheers me. There was probably never before in the world's history a time when so many men were willing to make the ultimate sacrifice for an unselfish ideal, without hysteria, with only reasoned conviction, as in America today. Most of us do not have an emotional conviction that our homes are at stake—they may be, but the average man does not feel it, and is fighting for something more impersonal, and hence finer. Can we hold the pitch when the tension is relaxed? Can we continue to think in terms of the not-ourselves, can we continue to realize that no individual happiness, no individual attainment of the beautiful, no national prosperity, even, is worth much in the sight of the All Beautiful, unless it is part of a larger world happiness and beauty? We, of the great home army, have our task, too. It is to keep this ideal clear, this lamp burning; and this so beautiful my country has above all others, perhaps, the mission in the immediate after years to knit the nations in a league of peace, substituting another rule for the iron rule of selfishness. . . .

But it is not going to be easy. Human greed, alas! is not so simply scotched, even under the stress of war. Yet its tremendous grip on the world's affairs, we are coming to see, has always been chiefly due to the lazy selfishness of good people, lovers of beauty and order, who would not sacrifice their own comfort, their own delightful leisure in their ivory towers, or whatever architectural equivalent they possessed for such a retreat, to fight for control of the civic machinery, to make prevail what they knew in their hearts to be right. I see my crime to have been that I considered democracy a condition wherein I was let alone, not wherein I was an active participant every day of the year, fighting to write my personal best into the whole. That, I believe, has been the crime of the entire world. The fight for democracy is only just beginning, for only now are we beginning to comprehend what it means, to glimpse the depths of its sacrifices, the glory of its creative spirit, the beauty of opportunity it may be made to hold for common men. Had I the eloquence, I would write a new manifesto, not beginning, "Workers of the world, unite—," but rather, "Lovers of beauty in the world, unite, and capture the machinery by which we have been ruled in ugliness and cruelty, for the use of all." There would be no need of a union of the workers then, for we should all be workers for the common weal. . . .

The wind has died in a noon hush now. Only the single fern frond still beckons energetically, as if it were a sentient thing. The forest, the whole mountain, drowses in loveliness, and I am loath to leave it, to descend to the valley road—to the Sunday papers. It is hard to come down from a mountain cabin, an ivory tower, to give up a solitary possession, or a comfortable privilege! If I owned a factory, would I consent without a bitter struggle to industrial democracy, for example? Probably not. Undoubtedly not, I decide as I reach the highroad and instantly am forced to dodge a great blue touring car which snapped and coughed past, like the symbol of wealth and power. It made me angry—and in doubt once more. I wanted again the consoling whisper of my breeze-touched hemlocks. Of course we shall, we *must,* put aside our selfishness and take our soul's best into the world's affairs. But the battle is still long ahead, the vision uncertain, and the clearest we cling to now is the purity and elevation of our motives in the immediate war at hand. That, after all, is a great step forward in the sorry story of men's strife with their brothers. God grant we may not lose those motives in any elation of victory!

WALTER PRITCHARD EATON.

Ephemerae

Perfumes that are like memories, and far
  Faint voices caught by pitying winds that come
  Out of forgetfulness to lips more dumb
Than Death may be, more still than shadows are!

Music that breaks the spirit's little door
  And gives to dusty chambers once again
  Quick feet, and all the ecstasy and pain
Of breasts that burn, of fingers that implore!

O I am but a symbol and a dream,
  Moving along the minds of those who sleep—
    Echo of laughter heard phantasmally!
And ever through the misty pageant gleam
  Faces I knew, and tender eyes that keep
    Remembrance of some old reality.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

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The Issue and Our Critics

Those who write and talk along the lines of the New Republic . . . are not constructive. They are idealists. Yet can they never see that they have left out of their schemes for humanity the fact that the human being has frail human characteristics. Moreover, you gentlemen are not those who have won this land and made it and kept it and hold it as a trust and a heritage for others—that is, you are internationalists and not nationalists, and therefore "Bitter-Ender" . . . dreads and fears you and hopes to see you pass before the firing squad—though he does not say so. I fancy that I judge you much more charitably, but yet I cannot say that those who "feel" as you do (for you trust feeling rather than reason) have ever accomplished constructive work.

* * *

You pitch into him ["Bitter-Ender"] for seeing only the primary methods—physical defeat of its [Prussianism's] adherents—and tell him that more is needed, but you do not tell him . . . just how that more is to be effected without injury ad interim to that which you agree with him is the necessary primary step—the application of military opposition. For that reason he, whoever he is, dreads and fears you and regards your journal as enemy propaganda.

* * *

Let us assume an American soldier reading these sentences, for choice: "'Boiling blood' may be indispensable to the soldier in the charge, but it is of little help . . . in the counsels of his people at home. What he expects of us is the cool judgment that shall keep his boy and our boys out of the trenches a generation hence. That is our part of the job; to translate his sacrifice into lasting victory. He will attend to the knockout part of it—of that he has already given the sign. It is up to us to back him up with the power of a rational political purpose." Any American, three thousand miles from a trench, whose blood does not boil at such intellectual snobbishness ought to—subscribe to the New Republic.

* * *

The great issue of the war has been long settled. There is no need to waste breath in discussing it. The German idea is to be ended. When we have won our military victory we shall have the facts upon which to work out our permanent solution. Until then, the phrases of the New Republic are interesting chiefly to the enemy. And not so very interesting to him.

* * *

The revolution is not going well. Spite of all that plain gangsters like the I. W. W. and cultured marplots like the intelligentsia of the New Republic can do, the thing splutters and misses and refuses to start. Everywhere the red flag develops stars and stripes, and the most exquisite English of incitement is no better than Bill Haywood on a barrel to hold back America resolved on war.

(And much more to the same effect from letters and current editorials in the daily press.)

THE American who during the next few months stands consistently by the policy on behalf of which this country entered the war is likely to find himself exposed to just such criticisms as those which have been directed during the last few months at the New Republic. It is therefore, perhaps, worth while, since the political issues involved are in fact the issues upon which American public opinion will have to pass in deciding America's policy at the settlement, to deal with these criticisms at some length, using them as the mere text for a much larger discussion than that between a newspaper and its critics.

We may be permitted to dismiss this latter question very briefly.

There are one or two points about these attacks which have doubtless been plain to our readers. One is that we certainly cannot have been unaware of a certain measure of unpopularity achieved by the line of policy we have taken. Another is that obviously it could not have been advantageous from the point of view of the material success of this paper. Why did we continue deliberately in our offense—to our disadvantage?

Critics have not hesitated to supply reasons. Certain financial interests required an early termination of the war, and we were their agents paving the way to defeatism. Unfortunately for this theory, other critics, just as positive, proclaimed our motive to be the fomentation of a Bolshevik revolution. Similarly we were unpractical idealists, driven by undisciplined emotions, and cold-blooded intellectuals with a priggish remoteness from the common passions of our fellow countrymen.

It could not very well all be true, and any one excludes most of the others.

The simple facts of the record are, of course, that this paper was one of the very first in the country to take the ground that our neutrality in this war was morally inadmissible. A full year before the war was actually declared we were urging that the country should commit itself to the maintenance of a certain international policy. If it could be achieved without war, so much the better. When it became plain that war was the necessary instrument, we urged declaration of war. If the essential sacrifice could be achieved with a small sacrifice of American youth, so much the better; if indeed the deaths of hundreds of thousands of those youths were needed, so be it. We have never regarded the destruction of young American lives—or Belgian, or French, or British, or, for that matter, German—as an end desirable in itself, but as the tragic means justified only by the greatness and nobility of the end obtained. The measure of our success will not be the numbers slain, but the subsequent outlook for a better international order.

Such has been our attitude throughout; it is ours today. The policy developed by this paper is that to which this country, through its official head, is now pledged. It is the policy which our critics oppose. The last few days have made it plain that there are powerful forces desirous of abandoning the principles which the President has so solemnly announced as those by which this country would stand. That opposition was bound, sooner or later to reveal itself, and is implicit in criticisms like those levelled at this paper.

Let us try to clarify the issues by a summary of those criticisms. A composite statement of most of them, rationalized as fairly as we know, would run perhaps much as follows:

All this talk of the need for formulating terms, clarifying issues, stating aims, employing diplomatic and political strategy, is in reality a means whereby the enemy may escape just punishment; to lend ourselves to it is to diminish the completeness of our victory. It is the first step to a negotiated instead of a dictated peace. Discussion among ourselves leads to discussion with the enemy.

Our terms are unconditional surrender; our policy the complete destruction of the enemy's power. This of itself will solve our major problem since it will rid the world of "the

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great menace." Without that destruction, any solution is untrustworthy.

This inevitable alternative renders all idea of negotiation, the employment of "political strategy" based on conciliating the German people and detaching them from their government, futile. Conciliation of the German people is impossible, for our victory, which is indispensable, involves, for the vainglorious enemy nation, deep humiliation; and the only terms which can make us secure involve grave injury to its interests. (The necessary transfer of Lorraine ore fields, for instance).

Since this hatred cannot in any case be avoided, we may disregard it. The appeal to the sword was their choice, not ours. They have proven themselves a criminal nation and must face the penalty. A court of justice—which the Allies will be—must place the safety of society before clemency. We cannot "negotiate" with crime. Discussion, implied reconciliation with the German people on a relationship of moral equality, are not only temperamentally offensive but undermine morale, that virile red-blooded resolution which alone can achieve our purpose. When our righteous indignation has swept the whole German power away, the world will be safe; not before, and in no other way.

To which we would reply:

This statement makes the same confusion between the means and the end, between what is necessary and what is enough, which has been pointed out in these columns in one form or another perhaps some scores of times during the last year. Our ground of dissent may once more be summarized:

(1.) Though this country should stand for any degree of victory which may be necessary for the carrying out of the policy it has announced—even if it should involve the laying waste of Belgium and of northern France, and the decimation of their populations—victory, whether obtained at this or a lesser price, is not enough. For we civilians may (and if we follow the historical precedents of Europe will) so misuse it as to render the achievement of our political aims impossible and thus make the soldiers' work futile.

(2.) It is not true that the defeat of the German army, however complete, and the "destruction" of German power, and the punishment of Germany, however severe, will of themselves rid the world of the menace of militarism. For we shall merely shift its storm centre, if, after victory, we choose, as between alternative policies, the wrong.

(3.) The very critics who disparage discussion among ourselves, are in fact carrying on a violent propaganda and have been from the beginning of the war, for the wrong policy as against the right, and for compelling the government to change the policy to which this country was pledged when it entered the war. What our critics really demand is, not that discussion of policy shall cease, but that any liberal contribution to it shall; and, particularly, that the country shall not be reminded of its original purpose.

(4.) Difference as between the Allies, defeatism, the disintegration of morale and other dangers from German "peace offensives," have not come in the past, and are not likely to come in the future, from the frank discussion and clear formulation of aims and policy in a liberal sense (for which this paper has stood), but from the absence of those things. The course urged by so many of the President's critics would not avoid the danger of "peace traps"; it would mean falling into them.

(5.) The settlement of "punitive justice" most commonly advocated by those critics would not secure justice, because it would severely punish those who are not responsible and would let off and increase the power of those who are.

Let us take the points that can be dealt with most briefly first. "Discussion favors the peace offensives of the enemy, tends to weaken our unity and morale, etc."

The facts of the last two years prove the exact contrary to be true.

To what elements of the Allied populations—in Russia, Italy, England, France—has Germany looked for response to her peace appeals? To the socialists, radicals, internationalists, on the implied ground that the aims of the Allied governments were imperialist. And that appeal has had most success where aims have been in doubt; where there have been suspicions of secret treaties, as witness the relative success of German propaganda in Russia and Italy. Kerensky so far saw the danger as to make repeated appeals for a restatement of aims. The appeal was not listened to, Kerensky fell and the German peace offensive was successful. In Italy, since Caporetto, there has been at least implied repudiation of the secret treaties, and Italian morale has improved. On what basis is the British Labor party won to the support of the war? On Mr. Wilson's programme. Had there been no such programme, no promise of a League of Nations, it is quite certain that British unity would be very gravely menaced indeed. Were Mr. Wilson now to adopt the attitude urged by certain members of the Senate, we would certainly be faced by something like a general strike of British labor.

Putting the thing in crude terms we may say that "conservative" support of any national war can generally be secured very readily; the more difficult task is to persuade radicals and internationalists that it is "their" war; the problem of unity is to secure their unqualified support; and therein lies the value of liberal and radical statements of aim.

And as to the value of a defined liberal policy to *our* "peace offensives," our attempts to detach from the support of Prussian policy populations in Russian and Austrian states, in Bulgaria and in Germany itself? If at the last militarism in Germany can rally to its support desperately tried and suffering populations, it will be because we have failed to make plain what our policy really offers them in the way of a tolerable alternative to their own power as a means of national protection. The curt refusal, by the President, to discuss Germany's last note, would have been a triumph for the German military party which would have said to the German people: "When we accept Wilson's own terms he refuses peace. He is bent on destruction."

To which of course our critics would retort:

"We do not want to offer 'tolerable conditions' but punitive ones. Germany is a criminal and should be punished—removed like any other murderer."

These easy analogies are going to be plentifully invoked during the next year or two. Yet they are utterly false. First because social justice implies not only punishment by the law but protection under it, and nothing short of a League of Nations and inclusion of Germany therein can offer protection. Failing that she will strive to reconstitute her strength. Secondly, justice does not punish a criminal's children and descendants, which is just what the schemes of "punitive" justice propose to do. Economic boycott and deprivation of raw materials will not particularly matter to the princely and military caste, the autocracy, the bureaucracy, the professors, clergy, teachers. Indeed, for Germany to become by reason of deprivation of raw material, once more mainly an agricultural state, would

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greatly increase the power of the Junker element. The real punishment will fall upon the working classes—those who are now children, and no more responsible than Nebuchadnezzar. "Babies are neutral." Thirdly, when we talk of meting out a murderer's punishment to "Germany," or destroying her, we are using words meaninglessly. Seventy million people, babies, boys, girls, women cannot be executed or destroyed—at least not by us—which means that Germany will remain, as she has remained, some two thousand years in history. The problem is not to destroy but to change her; to lead her people away from the worship of military strength. The "punitive" policy would compel these children, grown to manhood, deprived of any protection by the society of nations, to make their own protection. It would drive them once more, that is, to the worship of their own power.

"But these crimes must be punished." Then catch their real authors—generals, admirals, officers, submarine commanders, bomb-dropping aviators—try them for murder under international law, and, when convicted, shoot them. If it cannot be done, you will not remedy that failure of justice, by the commission of injustice on our side. We shall not remedy the escape of the guilty by the punishment of the innocent.

But why will not annihilating defeat of the German army of itself ensure, at least, our future security?

Mr. Roosevelt himself has recently indicated some of the reasons. However we may destroy the present German army, there will remain great military potentialities in a cohesive mass of what will in a few years be a hundred million German folk. Moreover, the political future of what used to be Russia, soon to number something like two hundred millions, is altogether uncertain. Russia may prove another Sick Man, in the ultimate disposition of which the interests of great powers may come into conflict. Or, the solid German mass may be flanked by a large number of small, independent, mutually antagonistic states, many of whom will be ready, as they have shown themselves ready in the past, to ally themselves with Germany against other small states. It is a game that has been played endlessly in history. Among a mass of uncertainties this is certain: The situation at the peace table will be an extraordinarily complex and difficult one, easy to mishandle, full of dangers for the future.

It will differ in degree rather than in kind from the situations that have confronted Europe before. Heretofore Europe has dealt with them mainly by one method, and the real issue is whether the entrance of America shall determine the introduction of an entirely new international policy (urged by the radical elements of Europe), or whether American influence shall support the application once more of the methods of the older statecraft, with which those actually in possession of political power are most familiar. The future of the world depends upon that political decision by American opinion.

Let us note the essential difference between the two methods, for both are likely to be called by the same name.

The spokesmen of the older statecraft say: "Peace must rest upon preponderant power secured by the alliance of a few great states for specific purposes. The main objective must be so to arrange things as to retain preponderance of force; that is the first and last essential of peace. A community of power—the world organized like a community of persons—is impossible, if only because nations will not stand the limitations of independence to which the individual citizen willingly agrees. A proud nation will not submit its vital interests to the control of foreigners. The hostility of one or two units in the society of nations suffices to wreck any such scheme. International treaties, as experience shows, cannot be relied upon. A nation must look for its security, first to its own strength; for its prosperity, to its own resources. The alliance of a small group of states with whom we can maintain intimate, and even at times secret, relations for the maintenance of preponderance of force as against any rival combination, is the one practical method of workaday international policies."

Now the point which most concerns us about this older method is that its own advocates very frankly and fully admit—as we shall show presently—that it can only be temporarily successful as a means of maintaining the peace. The reasons indeed are too plain to deny.

If we cannot trust international arrangements, if a country must look for security first to its own strength, and for prosperity to its own resources, then a statesman would be recreant to his obligations if he did not attempt to increase his own nation's power and resources—strategic frontiers, territory with raw material—even though that course did violence to the security or prosperity of others. It is inevitable that under any system in which security depends upon individual preponderance of power, and in which the permutations of political realignments may make the ally of today the enemy of tomorrow, the security of one means the insecurity of another. Both parties could only be really safe if each were stronger than the other.

Under such a system the fundamental interests of nations necessarily come into conflict. The system has always meant in the past, as by the terms of the case it must mean in the future, an irreconcilable rivalry, latent or active, even as between members of the same alliance, preventing any prolonged cooperation. It explains Europe's inability in the past to deal with scandals like the existence of Turkey. The needs of the Balance of Power separated those who should have acted in common. The necessity of maintaining the Turkish state as part of the Balance of Power, stood in the way of abolishing it as a public obscenity. Where those who should have been the policemen were in competition it was always possible for the criminal to play off one against another. A similar condition will certainly be produced by the new Sick Man, Russia, or the new criminal, Austro-Germany, and by the rivalries of twenty or so small independent sovereign states, unless European unity—or world unity, since Japan and America are new players in the game—has sounder foundations.

What is the alternative policy? It is that to which Mr. Wilson has very definitely and very formally pledged this country. It is based on the assumption that though force is the instrument of peace, it can only be effectively used to that end if it is wielded by the community on behalf of a commonly agreed law, or rule of life, which shall assure fair and equal treatment to all alike, to small as well as great. And if it is thus effectively to be the instrument of the community, the first task is to establish in the community a common will, by remedying the conditions, economic and other, which lead to division and conflict within it. "Change the conditions which lead to war," and so make possible a general "Association of nations," based on the great fundamental principle that the security and right of each shall rest upon the strength of the whole, pledged to uphold by the combined power an equitable code of law. It is not only a problem of repression, but, quite as indispensably, one of legislation.

The two policies are mutually exclusive. Nations cannot trust to isolated preponderant power, *and* the League

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of Nations. If we start with "strategic frontiers," that do violence to nationality, or economic exclusions to the disadvantage of states that have no colonies, we shall be attempting to crystallize inequity. If the League is felt to be a broken reed, statesmen will turn, in the name of national security, to secret arrangements. The knowledge of those arrangements will sow distrust in the League; will justify the distrust that prompted them. It is a vicious circle.

And when the conservatives, by refusing to trust to the new order, have made that order impossible and produced more conflicts, they will point to those conflicts in justification for their lack of faith. It is a true example of the working of political pragmatism. "You decide that you cannot cross this gulf. That decision unnerves you, and because your attempt lacks real determination, you fail and perish. Your destruction is proof positive that your pessimism was justified. You decide that you can and shall cross the gulf. That faith gives you an unconquerable will; you succeed and save yourself. That result is equally proof positive that this contrary belief, too, was right."

The absolutely indispensable condition of success of a new international order is faith in its possibility. And the test of that preliminary act of faith will not be lip service to the ideal, but a contribution in policy to its needs. What those contributions must be from Germany we know. But the German people will certainly not be brought to belief in the League unless we show them the way. If Italy, on grounds of military need, reverts to the territorial demands with which she entered the war; if she repels, as an unwarranted limitation of her sovereignty, conditions which will allow free access of other peoples through her territory to the sea; if France reverts to earlier demands and on like grounds, or for the direct purpose of weakening Germany, refuses access of German populations to raw materials absolutely indispensable for their economic welfare; if the Protectionist party in Great Britain, that now demands a preferential and privileged exploitation of imperial possessions for the benefit of the home populations, should attain power and demand the right to enforce that policy in Africa and in Asia; if the new states of Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia are to have their "corridors" with inclusion of alien populations; if the independence of these and other new states like Poland, or Ukraine, is to include the right to block commercial access of neighbors to the sea or to the outside world; and if, whatever the economic or political conduct of these states toward German and Austrian populations may be, we are not in the future to uphold the law in their favor and against our ex-allies—if these are to be the conditions of the new international order, the League of Nations is pre-doomed to failure, and our "temporary alliance for specific purposes" will end, as all such past alliances, attempting to deal with a common menace like the Napoleonic, or a common scandal like the Turkish, have ended, by disintegration, the recommencement of the struggle for military supremacy, with nothing changed but the rôles.

A man as little sentimental as Lord Grey, himself a diplomat belonging to the old order, who has seen perhaps more of the inner forces that have led to the conflict than any other living Anglo-Saxon, has more than once declared that if the old methods are to be perpetuated, unless we can find some better method, all the unimaginable agony of the last few years will have been utterly futile. A return to the old statecraft would be the supreme tragedy of history.

We say deliberately that we are at least menaced by that supreme tragedy, in the growth, during the war, of the temper, the tendencies, of which the criticisms we have quoted are an expression. To every one of the conditions indispensable to the success of the new order those tendencies are hostile; unchecked they will wreck it.

What is our authority for that sweeping and seemingly extravagant statement? Distracted pacifist or socialist fanatics? Our authority is Mr. Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, Representative Fess, the American Defense Society, the New York Tribune, the New York Times, such critics as we have quoted at the head of this article, *et hoc genus omne*. For it is they who tell us, not only that this new order is going to be an exceedingly difficult thing to bring about (on which point we should heartily agree with them) but that they will oppose the sacrifices, material and sentimental, indispensable to its success, because the ideal itself is unworthy. Indeed Mr. Roosevelt does not hesitate to call it "vicious and profoundly demoralizing." He puts internationalism (and any new order is hopeless without a most unprecedented degree of internationalism and the surrender of much national sovereignty and independence) on the same moral plane as adulterous regard for other men's wives. Nationalism should be preserved undiminished in vigor. Nations should not submit their vital interests to international decision. And with very many of course this disparagement of internationalism slips logically and inevitably into a disparagement of the ideal of permanent peace itself. "So long as men are men" . . . "red-blood" . . . "strenuous life" . . . "molly-coddle world" . . . "one long damned Sunday afternoon walk."

The first critic quoted at the head of this article is typical. He deprecates our discussion and advocacy of plans of internationalism because we have not taken into account the frailty of human nature. It does not seem to occur to this type of critic that we urge discussion and examination, and study, and a certain restraint of temper, just because we have taken into account the difficulties of human nature, and know full well that these great changes cannot come of themselves by the "natural" and instinctive operation of that nature; that its intuitions are often at fault and need a certain discipline. We want internationalism discussed, not because we think it an easy thing, but because we think it an extremely difficult thing; we argue "idealist" policies, not because they are the "natural" result of frail human nature, but because they are not. If internationalism were entirely easy, natural and inevitable, we should not need to trouble our heads about it.

But unless we do, it will fail. The policy which will "naturally" be carried into effect if things are allowed at the settlement to drift along their usual diplomatic course is the old policy. The management of international affairs in Europe is for the most part in the hands of men brought up in the older school of statecraft. Men of great influence therein—present heads of allied governments—have not hesitated frankly to express their disbelief in the possibility, or reliability of any democratically organized Society of Nations. All their traditions, prejudices, training, are against it. This tendency is supported by the more conservative parties that have been steadily growing in governmental influence since the beginning of the war as well as by the interest of special groups that profit by the exercise of isolated national power in the old way. These currents are reenforced by the strong, deep-seated, popular nationalist feelings that can so readily be awakened in opposition to any proposal which seems likely to diminish national independence or sovereignty.

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What is the attitude of our critics in the face of these forces which they not only do not deny, but emphasize and make the very basis of their criticism? Do they recognize that to fight them is part of the battle before us? That to undermine the old doctrines by inculcating newer ones more in keeping with the changed conditions of the world, to modify traditions that have worked such mischief in the past, is part of our task? Any attempt to do the thing which they themselves admit to be indispensable to success is bitterly resented. That resentment, their disparagement, on moral grounds, of internationalism and even peace, is proof that at the bottom of their attitude lies the fact that they do not desire the new order. Which means, if they have their way, that victory will *not* bring us assured peace, that our children will *not* be free from the menace of these obscene agonies; nor their children, and so on everlastingly.

For we have seen that the very first condition of success for the new method is faith in it; a readiness to accept its risks as preferable to the old risks. The problem of power to do this thing is at bottom a problem of the will, the desire. But these critics have no faith in this order because they do not desire it, and are not prepared to take its risks, nor pay its price. Success demands some surrender of national independence; they resist any such surrender. It demands a discipline of nationalist feeling; they inflame that feeling. It will be difficult and require discussion and preparation; they would suppress discussion and oppose preparation. Unless we are committed beforehand to the use of victory for enforcing the new method, sheer weight of routine will cause victory to be used for the enforcement of the old. They oppose the formulation of pre-determined policy, and declare that victory alone will suffice to solve our problems.

Thus, by the very avowal of those who blame us for making the statement, we face the possibility of our boys having died, not in order that "the world shall never know this thing again," not in order that their children may live in security, freedom and peace, but that the new world shall be like the old, that "the future shall be the past through another door."

That result will come, if it comes at all, not from any failure of the soldier, but from the failure of the civilian; and not from any special wickedness on the civilian's part, but from intellectual indolence or indifference, or a certain civic cowardice which avoids unpopular opinions and causes the average man in war time to shirk facing with honesty and self-discipline the question: "Which, setting aside prepossession and prejudice, is the wiser of these two policies?"

Does the foregoing answer the question put by one of our critics, "What more, in addition to supporting the war, should the civilian do? What is this other thing, besides his contribution to military victory, that the individual citizen should give?"

Perhaps we can put it in more concrete terms. Since the mere declared opinion of the individual citizen on these things—obviously if he be an editor, writer, professor, clergyman, labor leader, politician, less obviously but none the less truly if he be an ordinary unit of "public opinion"—may have immense influence on American policy, and so on the future of the world, he should know enough of this subject to decide whether to support the President or his opponents; whether the campaign which is beginning (and of which Mr. Leslie M. Shaw's letter to Mr. Tumulty is one of the opening shots) against the League of Nations as outlined by Mr. Wilson should be supported or not; whether Mr. Roosevelt's ferocious disparagements of internationalism are sound and wise, or shallow and demagogic; what really constitutes a League of Nations with promise of peace and what constitutes in fact—though it too may be called a League of Nations—a return to the Balance of Power; whether in the coming conflict in England and France he should show himself on the side of the Labor party and the French radicals or on that of their opponents; whether in obeying an impulse of retaliation he is doing justice or injustice, adding one more atrocity to numberless others or doing something to make such abominations impossible in the future. He should know enough of the subject to become conscious of the direction in which an unconscious drift is carrying him.

If this is not telling him what to "do" then democracy, which assumes that the nation's policy and acts are the outcome of the deliberate and intelligent will of the units that make it, has no meaning.

A final word on that point. Democracy has no method of arriving at that deliberate and intelligent judgment save one: public discussion. It is arguable that we overestimate the danger of an unconscious drift like that which we have indicated, away from the earlier idealism of the war, although the one point on which our critics seem to agree is that no really new international order will come from the war. It is not arguable, if public discussion has any value in a democracy at all, that those who feel the danger should be silent about it, or fail to testify to the faith that is in them. It is at this hour the supreme obligation of the civilian to the soldier. To discharge it is neither priggishness nor snobbishness. And other civilians do not discharge their obligation by that sort of vituperation. They can only discharge it by showing, through sincere and rational argument, that the belief we hold is fallacious, and the policy we urge unsound.

Lilies, a Memory

Dew-silvered the tall lilies stand,
Pale in the shadow of the wall;
Each lily waiting for your hand
To gather one and all.

Each evening silvers them with dew;
Each morning flatters them with gold;
And still they stand and wait for you,
Growing dim and old.

At length they wither, spent and gray,
Each lily bows its head and dies—
To you who are so far away
They are but memories.

And I, too, is it so with me?
Have you no shadow of regret?
Am I an idle memory
Which you forget?

For you the lilies bloomed and died;
For you they glimmered in the dew;
They gave their loveliness and pride,
Only for you.

Yet you must wither, lone and sad,
You too must lose your youth and die,
Glad, if at all you can be glad,
For their poor memory.

JAMES L. MCLANE, JR.

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Russian Impressions

II

"I WISH you had seen this neighborhood as it looked when I was a boy," Tarasov said to me one day. I was staying with him at his small estate in one of the northern provinces. From his home, a large log cabin set high up on the river bluff, we could see two little villages —mere clusters of huts and hovels. "To you it may look poor enough still," my Russian friend continued, "but if you had been here in those years and could have seen the poverty, the drunkenness and the disease, you would realize what a change has come. Whenever I get discouraged I think of two men and of what they achieved. One was the old school-teacher whom we met the other night. I shall take you to see him very soon. The other is dead. He was the priest. He was not like most village priests—for as a rule they are ignorant, a dull reactionary lot. He was a most wonderful man. I shall tell you of the fight that he made.

"But first I must give you some idea of the drunkenness that existed here. When I was a boy, over half the peasants would be drunk for days at a time. There were fights along the river-front. One nightmare of my childhood was the memory of a time when I saw a big peasant on a raft smash out the brains of another with an enormous water-logged club. Things had gone from bad to worse—till a bottle of vodka came to be used as a standard of value. When a peasant was asked what a job would cost, he would answer not in roubles but in bottles of vodka. If there were none to be had in the stores, the peasants would refuse to work; but when it came, there would be a rush to earn money to buy drink. Merchants from the larger towns came here with carts and wagons loaded down with vodka, and for this the half-crazed peasants parted with their grain, their cows, their very last belongings.

"As the women took to drinking, it caused a sex promiscuity that spread disease at a fearful rate. Many children were born idiots. In the village down by the river where we went the other night, there were almost always men and women and boys lying drunk in the ditches. One day the small steamer was just leaving dock, and a peasant boy about sixteen was sitting on the rail half drunk, playing a harmonica. He lost his balance and in he went. On the wharf stood his old mother, and in her piercing voice she screamed,

"'Brothers! Hey there! Save the watch! He is wearing a watch that cost thirty roubles! He will go down and stick in the mud—and the watch will be lost! Get him—get it—get the watch!' And the old woman filled the air with her yells until they fished him safely out. Then she tried to beat him, but he struck out and knocked her down.

"In the winter, every week or two, you would hear of some drunkard frozen to death. And once, when a river merchant got married and at his wedding the vodka flowed free, forty-six peasants lost their lives—for winter is no child's play here, and one must not fall asleep on the snow.

"After a Russian holiday, nearly every peasant's wife would have a black eye or a bruise. There was an old saying among them: 'He has had a fine holiday. He has been drunk from sunrise.' Toward night I could hear them coming home, men and women, singing and howling like gray wolves. Then in the dark the children would come running to my house, and knock softly and creep in and crawl under beds or into the closets. There they would stay till the yells died down and they knew that their parents were asleep.

"You often saw children drunk as well. Many of the mothers put vodka into their babies' milk. 'It is good for my baby,' one woman told me. 'See how well it makes him sleep.' Often a peasant mother would chew a mouthful of black bread, then take it out and soak it in vodka and so give it to her child.

"I remember seeing men in those days who went about wearing nothing but shirts. They had sold or pawned the rest of their clothes. And half-naked women, too, were by no means uncommon sights. Anything for alcohol. In my father's studio, which I used for a chemical laboratory, I burned wood alcohol in my lamp. One day when I was out of the room, two peasants drank up my entire can. At my rage they merely chuckled and said, 'Now brother, we will go to sleep, and the good God will watch over us.' They ambled off together and lay down in the graveyard of the church.

"So much for the good old vodka days.

"Then a new priest came to the village. Sergei Gregorovitch was his name. He had been educated in a church school in Petrograd, and he had graduated high. But then he had made a great mistake. For it was a custom of the Church that when a young priest was given the order to go to a certain village parish and start by assisting the local priest, he should first look very carefully at the old priest's daughter; and if he did not like her, he should transfer to another parish where there was a prettier girl. For the best country church positions were commonly given as dowers with daughters of retiring priests. But this Sergei Gregorovitch, a week after his graduation, very rashly married a friend of his in Petrograd, a girl without a kopeck. And so his chances were all spoiled. His superior said to him in vexation:

"'What a shame this is! You were the best student here, but now there will be nothing for you except some wretched little parish lousy with its drunkenness!'

"So, with his wife, he came to this district about thirty years ago, when I was still a boy of ten. In a village some two miles from here, he was to replace the priest who had died. This priest had been a fearful old souse. For years he had so often been too drunk to conduct any services, that the peasants had dropped the habit of ever coming to his church. Now the wretched man was dead, leaving a small and filthy hut and a little log church half tumbling down, with a field running back to the forest and all overgrown with weeds and brush, for he had been too lazy to farm. There was no parish school for the children.

"At first Sergei Gregorovitch was at a loss how to begin. He had no money whatever, and only a very silly young wife, who loved him but was of little help. Nevertheless, he started in. He helped his wife to clean out the hut, and he himself repaired the church. He went into the forest with an axe and began cutting trees on the church land. Luckily he was a powerful chap. He persuaded a peasant to help him haul the logs out to the river-bank, and they started to make a brick kiln there. Other peasants stopped to watch, some grew interested in the job, and soon he had quite a few volunteers. He joked and laughed with them as they worked. A priest making bricks! It was something new. More and more peasants gathered around. With the bricks they built a school-house there, and then Sergei Gre-

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gorovitch collected the children from nearby. His young wife scrubbed them thoroughly and he taught them in the school.

"The influence of this strange young man began to spread through the neighborhood. Some of the peasants began to come, not only to church services, but between times for advice—for they had learned with great surprise that their priest had a head quite packed and crammed with all sorts of practical knowledge. He did many things for the district. The cattle and horses, as a rule, were wretched little animals. Gregorovitch went to Petrograd, and there by begging all over the town he collected two hundred roubles. With this sum he secured for two months the use of a bull and a stallion, and so he began to improve the breed of live stock in our neighborhood. Again he begged money in Petrograd and bought better stocks of seeds, and with these he soon increased the crops of rye, oats and potatoes here. His wife was a Finnish girl who knew how to write Swedish, and he had her write a letter now to a model farm in Sweden, from which he got all kinds of advice on modern agriculture.

"The peasants liked him more and more; but many used to laugh at him, too, for he was so little like a priest. He was dressed like a beggar, he walked so fast and he spoke so abruptly—more like a company promoter than a solemn servant of God. 'What is his game?' they wondered. He told me that he heard one of them say, 'This priest of ours rushes along like a dog, with his gown flying out like a flag on a steamer.' He laughed at that, enjoying the joke. And he laughed at the drunkenness, sloth and dirt.

"'Surely this generation is bad, but the next one will be better,' he said. 'First we shall improve the breed of oats and rye, of horses and cows, for that is a quicker job. Then we shall tackle the people themselves.'

"The nearest doctor in those days was miles away in the district town. There was disease here to a fearful extent, plagues and epidemics; and there were frequent accidents on barges and in quarries. Gregorovitch thought it would be a fine thing if in every hamlet there was at least one woman or girl who could give first aid treatment. So he went to the doctor in the town. He went in his ragged old black gown, and kneeled and kissed the doctor's feet. 'Help us, brother, for Christ's sake.' He persuaded the doctor to come twice a week to his school and teach the older girls. And in less than a year, in every one of the seven little villages belonging to his parish, there was a girl who knew at least something of how to take care of the injured or sick.

"Then Sergei Gregorovitch went to a prosperous peasant here, who had made quite a lot of money by manufacturing quick-lime, and after much entreating he persuaded the man for the glory of God to build a dispensary. It was built of brick, not far from the church. And there some forty peasant girls worked as volunteer nurses, under a head matron and the doctor from the town. In the meantime the priest had found that women in childbirth often died because they had no one to help them but neighbors as ignorant as themselves. So he persuaded the doctor's wife, who was herself a midwife, to come over and teach his girl nurses. By this time they began to be known as 'The Village Sisters of Mercy.' When a woman gave birth to a child, the doctor or his wife would be there; and after that, for a week or two, one of the young Sisters would go every day to the woman's hut, do the housework for her, tend to the baby and see that all was done as the doctor had directed.

"Long before this, Gregorovitch had busied himself with the drunkards. He came to me one night with a plan. It was now ten years since his beginning, and I was a student in Petrograd. I was taking a chemical course, and when I came home in the summer I used to make experiments, in which the priest would join like a boy. I shall never forget his eager black eyes. Well, on this night he proposed to me an experiment on the drunkards. He said that the doctor approved of it, and I was quite ready to join in.

"'We must do this job in a scientific way,' said Gregorovitch solemnly, but with a twinkle in his eye. 'We must,' I replied. And in Petrograd I bought for him a stomach pump. With this we went after the drunkards in a way that terrified their souls. Most of our crimes were committed at night, and our victims bellowed like young bulls. 'Their stomachs shall be whiter than snow,' the priest declared, and he worked with a will. Then he gave them medicine which his friend, the doctor, had prescribed. And after that, the mere smell of vodka was a terror to their souls.

"The priest drove on with his crusade. In the church, he preached against vodka without quoting a word from the gospel. He gave only medical facts. And this was a terrible scandal. 'Heathen lectures in our church!' If the doctor happened to be there, the priest would stop in the midst of his sermon to ask the doctor a question or two and so amplify his words. The peasants opened their mouths like dogs at this chap and his new religion!

"But most of the intelligent ones had come to support him now. Everything he had done for them had been on a basis of give and take. 'You help the church and I'll help you.' With their aid he re-built his church; then he erected a large school; and later he started building, in each of the seven villages, schools and churches under one roof. Most of these were made of stone. He used boulders for the walls and hewn timber for the furniture.

"He loved to work with axe or saw, and to plough and harrow on his field. But beneath all this, remember, was a man of deep refinement. Often he would come to our house, and in my father's studio he would talk about paintings half the night. I remember once at daybreak I was aroused by my mother's voice scolding them for not going to bed. He was a jovial fellow. He loved to go to the country balls and dance with the very prettiest girls, with his black frock waving behind him, his long hair over his shoulders swinging violently about. He loved good horses; it was his joy to borrow a horse and drive very fast. The peasants liked him more and more; they called him now 'our gypsy priest.'

"He knew how to get on with all sorts and conditions—even with the corrupt officials of the former government here. Once when he wanted money, he went to the police inspector in the district town and said in a confidential tone,

"'Look here, brother, in your work I know you have taken money which had much better go to God. If you square up accounts with Him and give five hundred roubles for a new church, think how much easier you will feel.' The inspector gave him the money but looked gloomy at the loss—for he was a fat man who loved his wine. Then the priest said sadly, 'I was wrong. The gift has not made you feel easy enough. I think you had better give me now so much money that you can smile.' The inspector broke into a laugh at this, and slapped the priest on the back, and said, 'You are a real man, brother!' And he gave five hundred more!

"On the other hand, Gregorovitch was very careful not to attract the attention of the government to his many village reforms—for all progressive men in those days were apt to get on the list of 'suspects' and so be allowed to do nothing at all. He shunned the word 'progressive.'

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Once a Petrograd journalist came out here to write of his work, but Sergei Gregorovitch in alarm begged him not to write a word. 'I am not a progressive,' he said, 'but just a plain, simple man in the village doing some things for the love of Christ.'

"He still looked like a beggar man. When he needed money he would go to Petrograd, and kneel and kiss the very feet of the people who could help him. He also earned quite a bit himself by conducting funerals in one of the city graveyards there. He used to joke about it. 'I grab money from the dead,' he said, 'to use it for the living.'

"He never stopped working day or night. He was to be seen at all hours striding about the countryside. If a peasant was dying, the priest was there; if a child was born, the priest was there. So he used up his life in twenty-five years. He came here at twenty-two and died at forty-seven. Meanwhile, a generation had passed, and he had fulfilled his promise. For a new generation had grown up and the life of the district had been changed."

ERNEST POOLE.

Foch's Strategy

(Special Cable from Our London Correspondent)

THE key to an understanding of the military situation is Hindenburg's manifesto on the grave political discontent among the German people and army. He fears that if the present reverses continue both the authority of the civil power and of the military chiefs will be overthrown. Hence the German proposals for peace which have as a primary object the extrication of the German army from a critical situation. Hence also the internal reforms in Germany designed to strengthen the present rulers by making all parties, including the Socialists, their accomplices. It is a common mistake to interpret the military situation without reference to politics. In this case they are inextricably connected. On the map the military situation is grave for the Germans but not yet desperate. They have held up the extreme end of their line fairly well, and their retention of men in the north of Lille is of great military advantage to them.

At the eastern end, in Argonne, American progress is obstinately resisted, because the idea is to make this the pivot of a wheeling movement back to a new line on the Meuse. The greater danger to the enemy is a breakthrough between Cambrai and St. Quentin which threatens German lateral communication from Lille to Hirson. The result of a rupture of this line would be to make all Flanders untenable, and it would probably lead to vast captures of men and material in Lille and the Douai district and also to the cutting off of the retreat of the German center from St. Gobain. That would be a manifold disaster of Sedan, thus saving the destruction and devastation of a prolonged retreat. The German High Command evidently fears this disaster, but they have still room to manoeuvre and might escape complete ruin.

In the meantime their peace proposals are in the nature of a reinsurance policy on an overdue ship. Foch has revealed himself as the greatest general the war has produced. Up to the movements which began in July last, perhaps the most complicated set of operations in the war were those organized by von Falkenhayn against Russia in 1915. But these operations, at any rate in their general outline, had probably been preparing long before. The Russians were holding extemporized defenses, whereas the enemy that Foch had to meet had spent many years in elaboration of the lines that he held. Foch's ideas like those of all great men of action were exceedingly simple. Their working out was elaborate but never complicated. He owed something to the enemy who in the previous spring had essayed exactly the same task and failed to solve it. Ludendorff's dominating ideas were surprise speed in following up an initial success and rapid change in immediate objective. Foch adopted and improved on every one of them. Ludendorff had rather overdone development of speed, for the extreme confusion into which leapfrog tactics brought his columns contributed not a little to the failure of his attacks. Foch was mindful of this danger, and though he too adopted the German practice of passing reserve divisions rapidly through exhausted front line troops, he relied rather on frequent changes of objective and on an extremely ingenious and comprehensive strategic scheme to accomplish his end.

The scheme has been slow to reveal itself in its entirety, but although all its details are not yet complete, the general outline is unmistakably clear. Foch was not content merely to break the German lines and drive them back from position to position, his aim was much more ambitious, namely, to prevent the enemy getting back at all and if possible to end the war before Christmas. He may have had but faint hopes of achieving his larger object, but he is one of those great generals who set themselves an almost impossibly high standard in full certainty, even if this is not reached, of accomplishing more than could possibly be accomplished by a smaller and less ambitious design. It is characteristic of the vastness of the man's conception that even when he was essaying the greatest military problem ever attempted in history, the reduction of the immense German fortress in France, he should still have found time to include the southern front of Austria within his scope. The defeat and surrender of the Bulgarians no doubt presented itself to his mind as a measure of insurance against the possible failure of his whole plan in the west. It might well be, even if he drove the Germans back to their own frontiers in France, that the next development of our strategy should be to transfer our offensive against Austria, and we find him in the middle of his French campaign making preparations for such a transference should it later appear to be desirable.

If the German forces in France should be not merely defeated but annihilated, the question of the Austrian front would of course not arise. If, on the other hand, they were merely defeated and not annihilated, then his preparations for moving against Austria would be fully made and his perfect freedom of strategic movement assured. There is a genuine Napoleonic quality in a general who could take in his stride a prospective emergency like this of a future campaign against Austria. Recent events have justified those who insisted in season and out of season on the importance of the eastern theatre. Defeats on the west were grave for the Germans but so long as the east held it was always possible for them to contract the front in France and consolidate gains in the east, thus saving the reputation of the government. It is the simultaneous collapse east and west that makes the German situation so hopeless. The west front is difficult to maintain, but with prospects appearing of two new fronts, a new eastern and a new southern front, the situation becomes irreparable. Austria is absolutely indispensable to Germany and the eastern victories have assailed Germany at her most vulnerable political point.

H. SIDEBOTHAM.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Alsace-Lorraine

SIR: Permit me to thank you for publishing in your issue of September 28th the very cogent letter of Mr. Arthur O. Lovejoy apropos of the Alsace-Lorraine issue as a factor in making peace. It has been my fortune to turn over a great mass of recent literature written with the object of promoting a "peace by conciliation." It is very hard to praise the courage and effectiveness of the larger part of these writings, in view of their almost studied effort to evade one of the main questions in the great debate between Germany and a nation to which Americans are incalculably beholden.

Is it really possible to end this war, considering the fearful acts of physical iniquity committed, on terms that will imply "general content" for the Teutons as well as for their adversaries? How many absolutely just verdicts by civil tribunals leave the defeated litigant praising the decision of the jury? Are we advancing the cause of lasting peace by deliberately shunting aside the very specific Alsace-Lorraine issue, in favor of general discussions as to a new system of international relationships? And if we are to "content" Germany, pray, in the name of all that is honest, are we not under somewhat greater obligations to "content" France?

No cause was ever advanced by wilfully ignoring a cardinal issue. Until certain clever friends of the schemes for a new world order will come forward manfully, shake hands with this specific question, and offer a definite solution which offers justice to France which will be entirely satisfying to the French people, with whom we are today joined in a great blood sacrament, they will find that their other arguments leave some of us very cold.

WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Impious Mr. Wells

SIR: I am instructed to say that the attention of this Order [Imperial Order, Sons of the Empire] has been directed to an advertisement appearing in a recent issue of your journal in which announcement Mr. H. G. Wells sees fit to express his approval of the new publication by damning all empires including the British.

One would have thought that Mr. Wells would have shown more discretion and better taste, and if he wished to earn the thanks of the proprietors of the New Journal, express his appreciation of it without denouncing the British Empire.

We have been informed that a reply to this senseless outburst of Mr. Wells's was sent you by Mr. Bernard Rose of this city. His letter was returned on the plea that though you would like to publish it you were prevented by want of space.

I presume that you are anxious to earn the good opinion of readers in this country, the number of which you would doubtless like to increase. If my assumption is correct I trust, speaking in the name of this Order, that when communications are sent you in matters of this kind that you will give them the consideration they deserve.

The United States and Great Britain are drawing closer together. They have too much in common both present and future to quarrel. When some individual of the Wells type seeks, without any provocation or justice, to attack the land and empire that has done so much for him, it is incumbent upon those who are proud of being Britishers and appreciate the privilege of living within the confines of the empire promptly and indignantly to repudiate the foolish and uncalled-for opinions expressed by Mr. Wells and others.

J. MCNAUGHTON.

Montreal, Canada.

Wardrobes and Wages

SIR: I have been recently asked, along with several other social workers, to make out a budget for a working girl. This occupation is one of the regular avocations of almost every branch of our profession, so there was nothing unexpected about the request, except the source of it. We were ordered to be very specific and to give the exact number of every wearable needed for a year. We inquired what this was to shed light upon and were told that the intention was to establish a scale of wages for the women workers in the munition factory. The women, it was said, had replaced the men at the same wages, and this arrangement was to be changed.

The reason for the change is one of those reasonless survivals of devotion to precedent that are so difficult to combat, because, like superstition, they are founded on the beliefs of our ancestors, and so are exempt from the claims of reason. The agreement was that women should do the same work for the same pay. The work was all piece work. Did the women receive a higher rate per piece? No. Was the labor turn-over greater? No, much less. Was the women's output less so that the overhead was increased? No; shift for shift, the women generally excelled the men. Were men's wages to be similarly scaled? Of course not; the idea was that women were not to be paid the same as men. Why? But the member of the logical sex only answered me, "Why should they be?" and, like Pilate of old, did not stay for answer.

It seems to some of us that a government that is fighting for world democracy might set an example by applying the democratic principle to the women it employs to make the ammunition for that fight. There is no justice in the family wage for men and the individual wage for women. The bachelor's pay is not reduced because he has no family to support, and anyone who has studied the wage-earning family knows that it is the daughter who assumes the responsibility of household expenses, three times out of five. Recently we read with pleasure that three men working at the shipyards received $128 for a single day's pay. There was no mention of a committee's waiting on them to ask how many pairs of socks they bought each year. They were paid for the work they did, and its value, not their wardrobe, determined their wages. Does our government, pledged to uphold the rights of the small nations, intend to say to half its workers: "If you earn more than a bare living I will take it from you. I expect you to buy bonds and support the Red Cross in the same proportion as working men, but you must not expect to be paid according to your work, but according to your sex." Women have not devised the industrial and economic system which requires them to be wage-earners, but men seem to feel that they

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should be penalized for having to support themselves, and often the children that men have begotten. Is the federal government to sponsor this subversion of justice?

Davenport, Iowa. MARY BURD.

Mr. Ransome's Letter

SIR: I have read with great interest Professor Harper's letter in the New Republic of September 7th regarding the correspondence of Mr. Ransome. Professor Harper accuses Mr. Ransome of an incorrect presentation of facts, but at the same time he makes substantial mistakes himself.

The procedure of the elections to the Soviets is rather a difficult matter to argue about; we do not possess the necessary facts. Can we take seriously newspaper reports which inform us of the execution of Maria Spiridonova when after a considerable lapse of time, during which the news had gained belief, we learn that she is still alive? Nor would I undertake to read the minds of the members of the Provisional Government as to what their object was in postponing the elections to the Constituent Assembly; it is a matter of their own conscience. I will only draw Prof. Harper's attention to facts which are easily verified. He says: "The idea of the Constituent Assembly has been the fundamental idea of the Cadets, for example, since 1906." This is absolutely incorrect. If he will take the trouble to look up in any library the Constitution of "The Party of People's Liberty" (Cadets) and the reports of their conventions, he will find no mention there of a Constituent Assembly until 1917. At the same time the demand for a Constituent Assembly has figured in the platforms of the Russian Social Democratic and the Social Revolutionary parties for more than twenty years.

In the elections to the first two Dumas, in which I participated, in Ukraine, the difference of political ideas between the so-called Cadets and the bloc of all the parties more radical than the Cadets was clearly shown. The ideal of the Cadets was a constitution granted by the Tsar. The ideal of the radical bloc was the abdication of the Tsar, a Constituent Assembly and a Democratic Republic.

Moreover, on the 2 (15) and 3 (16) of March, 1917, when fate had again thrown me into the whirlpool of political events, the Cadets and majority of the Duma Committee insisted upon the abdication of Nicholas II and the ascendancy to the throne of Michael II, with his oath to establish a constitutional monarchy and a parliament. The soldiers and workmen and their newly organized Soviets insisted upon the abdication of Nicholas, the establishment of a Provisional Government and the election of a Constituent Assembly. The result was the following compromise: Abdication—Provisional Government—Constituent Assembly.

At the same time in the evening of March 3 (16), before the Provisional Government held its first meeting, I had a heated debate with Professor Miliukoff, who insisted that Emperor Michael II held the throne half a day and therefore his abdication should commence "We, by grace of God, Michael II, Emperor of all Russia. . . ."

The ideal of a Constituent Assembly was forced upon the Cadets by the political upheaval; this ideal was nursed in the bosom of the Russian democracy and was incorporated in the platforms of all Socialist parties from the People's Socialist Party, the most moderate Socialists, to the "Bolsheviki" inclusive.

Why did the last disperse it then? How this was accomplished was explained at length in Mr. Ransome's correspondence and by Misses Beatrice King and B. Beaty.

But if my opinion is wanted as to why they could accomplish it, I will say that to a great extent it was due to the "ideal" system of elections, the working out of which greatly delayed the convening of the Constituent Assembly.

I would ask you to recollect that as a result of the dispersal of the first Duma came the "Viborg Manifesto" and the Sveaborg Mutiny. The dispersal of the second Duma brought about the assassination of von Launetz and political strikes in various parts of Russia. Now, the dispersal of the Constituent Assembly, the institution to which passed the Supreme Power of the Russian Tsars, passed unnoticed and without protests. Why? It seems to me because the elections to this body were carried out not by counties but by party nominees. The peasant was voting by advice of the politician for some persons unknown to him, and when these were dispersed they could not appeal to their constituents as there were no real bonds between them. To the masses the representatives were strangers and therefore indifferent to their fate. For instance, a man residing in Petrograd could be elected as representative for Vladivostok, seven thousand miles away, although he had never been in that city, and was therefore totally unknown to his constituency. The procedure of the Soviets, on the other hand, to which the peasant elects individuals well known to him and of his own kind, is much more simple and comprehensible to him than the complicated elections to the Constituent Assembly. Essentially, the Soviet is formed on the principle of the old "village communal council" (Skhod), which has been existing for the last thousand years. "The old familiar forms are better than the new unknown," and here his own is simple and easy of understanding, while the new unknown is complicated and incomprehensible to the peasant's mind.

A few more words: Professor Harper says that the fourth Duma represented the wishes of the country. Is that so? Back in 1916 not only the working people but also the masses of peasantry were clamoring for peace, and he knows that very well. He and I ascribed this to their political undevelopment; but facts remain facts.

G. LOMONOSSOFF.

New York City.

Undemocratic Secret Societies

SIR: When I was in college (Goucher College, Baltimore, 1908) I belonged to a national society and appreciated many of the features of fraternity life, which are always held up as justifying the system. But, because I could not reconcile certain inherent characteristics of the system with my understanding of what Christian democracy required, I felt obliged finally to withdraw. Jessie Woodrow Wilson, now Mrs. Frances B. Sayre, and I acted together in this matter, and, while forming our judgments independently, it is rather interesting now for me to look back and realize that President Wilson stood by us in the action to which our conclusions led us. I might say here in fairness to our fellow-members that, although many, especially among the alumnæ, were bitterly opposed to us then, they have without exception later taken pains to express their belief in *us*, if not in our opinions.

I believe the time is ripe for inter-collegiate action on the whole question, and hope that it may be entered into in a spirit worthy of the times. Though serving as a missionary in India, I have kept in close touch with students in America, and during my stay here I would like to see this whole matter put to the test of "the ideals we are fighting for."

FLORA L. ROBINSON.

Chicago, Illinois.

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After the Play

SOMETHING may be urged against Redemption at the Plymouth Theatre in New York on the score of minor acting and dramatic arrangement. It is not a perfect performance. But so much is to be said for it as a thing of beauty and truth that the petty details are swept out of memory. Redemption, or The Living Corpse, is not only a play full of Tolstoi's genius. It is a production full of the joint genius of John Barrymore and Robert Edmond Jones, with a great deal to be said for Arthur Hopkins. It is visually beautiful. It is powerful dramatically. It is sorrowful and piteous and terrible. It is a master's handful of life. And the wealth that Tolstoi has strewn through it is gathered up and nobly spent by an actor of skill and instinct, unusual skill and perfect instinct, John Barrymore. The palmy days of acting may or may not have existed in the age of the horse-car. They are here, at any rate, in the age of Edison. Mr. Barrymore has created a Fedya that can be ranked with the best acting of our generation. A more robust and sonorous style might be demanded for the palmy or palm-oily tradition. Since Mr. Winter stopped writing it is hard to recall what the tradition is. But with a left foot that seems desperately anxious to turn in and a leg that Sir Willoughby Patterne would disown and a figure that might dismay a recruiting officer and an enunciation that has shell-holes in it, Mr. Barrymore simply soars out of all his limitations and gives a performance that is the performance of genius, from the inside out. It is this, plus the settings of Mr. Jones, that makes the ten scenes of Redemption accumulate into one of the rare triumphs of the American stage.

The play itself is an astonishing revelation of Tolstoi. It is, or seems to me to be, a free and unidealistic comment on the sacrament of marriage. It is the sacrament of marriage seen with a cruelly ironic eye. Liza is a sweet girl who has the misfortune to be wedded to a bad man, Fedor. Fedor, or Fedya, is not a "bad" man in the sense that he is repulsive to her. He is bad in the sense that he breaks the ten commandments. I do not know which commandment it is that forbids carousing with gypsies and drinking champagne and staying out nights and gazing deep into the eyes of gypsy singers and floating in a sea of gypsy song. But that commandment Fedya breaks with all the wickedness of which Tolstoi can think. He is not objectionably wicked, like a banker. He is not a sniveller or a cheeseparer or a grafter or a hypocrite. He is, if the truth must be told, a Byronic weakling who is exceedingly dear to his young wife. But his mother-in-law is dead against him. No ambivalence seems to come in between himself and his mother-in-law. Another young man, Victor, has always adored Liza at a distance, and it is to the prosperous Victor that the mother-in-law turns with yearning approval when word comes that Fedya is off with the gypsies again.

Perhaps it is the gypsies who take away the suggestion of squalor from Fedya. With that irony so characteristic of persons beloved, Liza selects Victor to beg her husband to return. Fedya, his argosy floating in wine, declines to return, declines to leave his gypsy Masha for the pearl-gray correctness of his wife. In the haunt of the gypsies, stretched on a couch that carries him to scarlet sin like a garlanded Cleopatran barge, Fedya waves farewell to Victor with loose and bitter gaiety. He spends himself lavishly, a lost soul, and cuts adrift forever. The memory of his wife fades from him like the pale melancholy of a moon.

It is only when an ambassador comes to the broken Fedya, in a cheap rooming house, some weeks later, to ask him tactfully to arrange an adultery so that a divorce can be legalized, that his status as an incumbrance, a living corpse, dawns in acid sharpness on his mind. It is a swift transition from his receipt of this request (which comes from Victor's side) to his Byronic decision to kill himself. And then, he can't kill himself. The gypsy Masha arrives just at the moment when he finds he can't pay that real price. She says, Why kill yourself? Leave evidence that you have drowned yourself, it will do fully as well. Fedya is satisfied. He carries out his "suicide" without the loss of a single life.

Great as is the work of Robert Edmond Jones in compelling the mood of a Christian lady's drawing-room, on one hand, and a gypsy's nook, on the other, he excels these creations in the splashing blacks and gaunt whites of that outcast den to which Fedya descends in his downward journey after the "suicide." In that wretched drinking-joint we find a broken yet purified Fedya, telling a gentle old confidant the far-away story of his manipulated disappearance and the subsequent happy marriage of his widow, Liza, and the good, honest Victor. It is a wonderful narrative, garrulous yet sober and sedate, and there is a humorous mingling of genuine spirituality, and that homely inglorious candor of which Tolstoi was so singular a master. Into the spirit of this narrative Mr. Barrymore pours a perfect understanding. He gives the measure of time and social space to every accent he employs. It is the talk of a man sweetly and equably disillusioned, a man who has spelt the full word failure and kept his head. But Fedya's self-possession is destined to be destroyed. A scoundrel overhears Fedya's chuckling boast that he is a "living corpse." He proposes blackmail to Fedya, and when Fedya attacks him, bawls the whole story to the police that break in. Liza and Victor are bigamists. They are soon traced by the police, happy and comfortable dwellers in the very town to which Fedya has returned. At once they are arrested and confronted with the majestic outraged law.

The steps by which Tolstoi brings Victor and Liza and Fedya together are hewn out of probability. It is with a corresponding volume of emotion that one is swept into the great final scene. Liza had really loved Fedya. When she sent Victor to find him she loved him, and when the news of his death came she called to him from her heart. Fedya, on the contrary, had no serious feeling for her. The woman who had charmed his imagination was the gypsy Masha, the woman whom he loved too well to seduce. But in the last scene, in the office of the examining magistrate, it is no longer an explicable passion that arises in Victor and Liza and Fedya. What arises is the wild wraith of a dead yesterday, a naked claw from the tomb. But Fedya speaks. Out of his shaken frame, his lousy garments clinging to him, his matted hair hanging over his eyes, he raises the voice of all the idealism that led him to choose "suicide" rather than the legal filth of an arranged adultery, and in a few burning and terrible sentences he reveals the sublime motives that the law cannot stoop to comprehend. The magisterial sphinx is unmoved by Fedya's appeal. No tears of stone course down the magisterial cheek. But before the law is enabled to complete the shattering of Victor and Liza, the ignorant beneficiaries, Fedya gives them the dreadful gift of his life.

It would be easy to mar such a play by poor acting. In the hands of Mr. Barrymore (with Mr. Russ Whytall and others to support him) it becomes a deep legend of man and society. It is a quivering representation of the truth and beauty that inspired Tolstoi, one of the lucid intervals of the American theatre. F. H.

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English Liberty

Constitutional History of England, by Thomas Erskine May, edited by Francis Holland. Three volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $9.00.

IT is a happy circumstance that a new edition of May's classic Constitutional History of England, brought down almost to the eve of the Great War by a capable editor, Mr. Francis Holland, has been made available to students of political evolution. The author was a conservative Whig of the old school, a learned gentleman, never guilty of radical indiscretions, but always ready to praise with softened moderation the many liberal sacrifices which produced the perfect world in which he found himself about 1860. No one can accuse May of the slightest sympathy with republicanism or with any of those democratic tendencies which were associated with the left wing of British Whiggery. The extreme conservatism of the author makes his work all the more acceptable to those of academic predilections and excludes at once any lurking suspicions that he might wish to give aid and comfort to the Paines, Voltaires or Cobbetts of any age or clime. The value of this quality in our author will become clearer as this review proceeds.

May opens his survey of a century of English liberty with the accession of George the Third, whose capacities are celebrated in every American text-book on history. It is an extraordinary England which May presents to us—an England that stands in startling contrast to the great, free England that is today battling heroically for liberty on the fields of France. In 1760 parliamentary suffrage was so limited that nine-tenths of the adult males were excluded from all share in the government; bribery and corruption were rife, open and defended among the ruling classes as necessary to keeping the masses in order; long lists of rotten boroughs in the hands of the landed aristocracy made mockery of such suffrage as was tolerated; the king on the throne was determined to exercise with all his might the "prerogatives which God had given him" (*Dei gratia, &c.*); rising centres of trade and commerce where the middle classes had their strongholds were deprived of representation; the House of Lords "managed" the politics of the realm; Catholics were proscribed; Protestants who were not of the Anglican persuasion were laid under heavy disabilities; labor was deprived of the right of self-protection through organization, as well as all voice in the government; capital punishment was meted out for nearly two hundred crimes, including slight offences against the rights of property. Many enlightened liberals like Pitt, Burke, Fox and Wilberforce had protested against one or more of the salient abuses, but the magnificent system of the corrupt oligarchy stood intact. What a contrast with the England of our day that has just put the capstone upon the structure of her political democracy by enfranchising her women!

At the opening of the epoch with which May begins his story, the movement for liberal and constitutional reform was well under way. The "Revolution Society," which had been formed to celebrate annually the revolution of 1688, was turning to agitation in a mild manner for further constitutional progress. The "Society for Constitutional Information" was founded in 1780 to forward the cause of parliamentary reform. The society of "The Friends of the People," composed of moderate and temperate men, was suggesting a modification of the rotten borough system and the extension of the suffrage—all such "dangerous agitation, of course, meeting the scorn and hatred of Tories." Then came the French Revolution, with its dangerous notions of universal manhood suffrage and popular sovereignty, and, later, republicanism. Shortly followed the storm of the Revolutionary Wars—French ambitions threatening England's security at home and her empire abroad.

The war with France gave the British high Tories just the opportunity they had long been seeking to put a positive stop to the agitation for parliamentary reform, religious toleration and suffrage extension—all of which threatened the supremacy of the ruling class. In the reform movements there were undoubtedly a few firebrands who wildly proclaimed the rights of man and threatened the "foundations of society"; there were also, as the searching record of May shows, perhaps a half a dozen men who were so enamored of French democratic ideas that they were prepared for seditious enterprises, but the great mass of the reformers, including many men of learning, moderation, and good sense, was loyal and merely anxious to forestall dangerous French ideas by moderate concessions to reasonable demands. But the Tories would have none of it. They arrogated to themselves a monopoly of loyalty, patriotism and civic virtues. They lumped all reformers together and branded them as "seditious, traitorous, and pro-French." In this action, respectable and honest Tories were joined by hundreds of men of unsavory records who took advantage of the occasion to set themselves "right," and many thousands of temperamental "witch burners" who had long been hunting for a chance to persecute and vent their spleen upon liberal men who were looking forward to freer days in England—days destined to come.

As May shows (Vol. II, p. 36) voluntary societies for suppressing sedition sprang up all over the country. The parent of these organizations was the "Society for the protection of liberty and property against republicans and levellers." These societies enlisted the cordial support of gossips and busybodies who spied, pried, and listened, and reported all kinds of charges, true and false. Men who mildly discussed around a tavern table, or even in the bosom of their families, measures of moderate reform found themselves haled into court by agents of the society for prying into this or that and were convicted by juries composed of members of the same society! One accused man challenged the right of members of one of the societies to sit as jurors in judgment on him, but he was told by the presiding justice that "he might as well object to the judges who had sworn to uphold the constitution" (Vol. II, p. 38). Militant mediocrities who had been incapable of understanding the motives or character of men who cherished democratic opinions had their full day in court and persecuted to their hearts' content. Ignorant judges and still more ignorant counsel for the government brow-beat and intimidated men of refinement and high character who had been discovered corresponding with constitutional reformers. Innocent letters were by tortuous interpretation turned into seditious documents. In a word, the ruling classes under the guise of patriotism, waged a social war on those who thought that even "the British constitution, the most perfect in the world," was susceptible of emendation for the better.

The press was hounded. Taxes were laid upon it for the purpose of keeping down circulation. The Courier was set upon because it had published a "libel on the Czar," a lordly ally—the libel being the following: "The Emperor of Russia is rendering himself obnoxious to his subjects by various acts of tyranny, and ridiculous in the eyes of Europe by his inconsistency." At the trial of the editors guilty of this slander the court laid down the doctrine "that public writers were to be punished, not for

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their guilt, but from fear of the displeasure of foreign powers!" (Vol. II, p. 63.) The publisher of the Stamford News was convicted for criticizing flogging in the army, the judge, Baron Wood declaring at the trial: "It is said that we have a right to discuss acts of our legislature. This would be a large permission indeed. Is there, gentlemen [of the jury], to be a power in the people to counteract the acts of Parliament; and is the libeller to come and make the people dissatisfied with the government under which he lives. This is not to be permitted to any man—it is unconstitutional and seditious." (Vol. II, p. 67).

Liberal men of moderate views were convicted along with more intemperate radicals like Tom Paine. Thomas Muir, a "young advocate of high talents and attainments," was convicted at Edinburgh and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years, on charges of having promoted the cause of parliamentary reform. (Vol. II, p. 37). Joseph Gerrald whose "elegant and useful attainments," according to Fox, "made him dear to the circles of literature and taste," was charged with attending a convention in the interests of parliamentary reform, sentenced to transportation for fourteen years, and sank into an early death to the great satisfaction of the upholders of law and order. (Vol. II, p. 42.)

Catholics were persecuted for seeking relief from religious disabilities, and the societies for the protection of liberty and property enlisted the mobs of London in support of the violent treatment of Dissenters from the Church of England who sought equality of treatment before the law. Conspiracies were found wherever a few men entertained radical views of a similar character. In vain was it shown that these ideas were common property and entertained by men who were unacquainted with one another. It was sedition to have such ideas and they could not spring from circumstances, but only from pro-French conspiracies against the government!

Juries were packed and allowed to vent their wrath upon unlucky advocates of constitutional reform. Judges were even worse. When the unhappy Muir was defending parliamentary reform he was told by the "judge" that "the landed interest alone had a right to be represented; as for the rabble who have nothing but personal property, what hold has the nation of them?"

Another of Muir's judges thought torture "a punishment adequate to the crime of sedition." One of the judges is accredited with the happy thought worthy of the day's law: "Let them bring me more prisoners, I will find them the law." (Vol. II, p. 39). Another Edinburgh judge exclaimed at the trial of a parliamentary reformer: "The right of universal suffrage, the subjects of this country never enjoyed; and were they to enjoy it they would not long enjoy either liberty or a free constitution. You [Gentlemen of the jury] will therefore consider whether telling the people that they have a just right to what would unquestionably be tantamount to a total subversion of this constitution is such a writing as any person is entitled to compose, to print and to publish." (Vol. II, p. 40.) Perhaps only the masculine mind could discover such a splendid and convincing principle of crushing logic! Lord Braxfield termed the British constitution "the happiest, the best, and the most noble constitution in the world, and I do not believe it possible to make a better." This noble lord applied his doctrine with a sweet vengeance when he had occasion to try an advocate of manhood suffrage. Dr. Horsley, bishop of Rochester, in upholding in the House of Lords the conduct of persecuting judges, exclaimed that he "did not know what the mass of the people in any country had to do with the laws, but to obey them."

While liberal publishers were punished and advocates of reform were transported to penal colonies, those who insulted the House of Commons by abusing it as too democratic went scot free. An ultra-monarchist, Reeves, published a pamphlet in which he represented the king as the ancient stock of the constitution and the Lords and Commons as merely branches which might readily be lopped off without injury. For this attack on the established order Reeves was acquitted by the jury, although his doctrines were condemned (Vol. II, p. 60). The high Tory, hard and relentless in his heresy hunting, rejoiced as his enemies were one by one silenced, banished, transported to penal colonies or condemned to death. What a glorious day it was for the national safety legion!

In the midst of May's dry pages of constitutional recital there are a few shining lights: among them brave lawyers, like Erskine, "whom neither the displeasure of the King and the Prince of Wales, nor the solicitations of his friends, nor public clamours, had deterred from performing his duty as an advocate" (Vol. II, p. 29), even for the hated Tom Paine whose ringing words in behalf of American liberty startled the British aristocracy like alarm bells. Timid and cowardly lawyers yielded to the terrors of the mob. Erskine and Brougham, though often disliking heartily the doctrines of men whom they were invited to defend, shrank from no obloquy. They were of course accused by a venal press of secret sympathy for sedition and disloyalty, but nothing deterred them from seeking to throw around accused men the majesty of the law, defending it against many an ignorant and brutal judge in speeches which are today among the glories of British liberty and the flowers of English forensic literature.

Last and not least interesting is May's treatment of the Luddites and other industrial workers who, suffering from unjust combination laws, long hours, low wages, and intolerable conditions of labor which are no longer to be found in England, rose in their wrath and smashed the new machinery which seemed to be taking bread out of their mouths (Vol. II, pp. 69ff.) "It was not enough," says May, "that the frame breakers were without work and starving; that they were blind to the causes of their distress . . .; but they were also accused of disaffection to the state." The terrors of the law were rigorously applied to men with economic grievances and protests against conditions of employment were treated as seditious and disloyal. All were grouped together in one "traitorous mob"—the cultured and refined advocate of parliamentary reform, the untutored workman who lifted his voice against long hours and unendurable conditions of labor, the crank and the rare seditionary. The harvest was white and the Tory judge, juror and mob reaped while they could.

May goes on to relate in measured terms how all of the ancient abuses were in later days removed; how parliament was reformed, the suffrage widened, the House of Lords reduced almost to impotence; how Catholic disabilities were removed; how Dissenters' grievances were met; industrial reforms instituted; and monuments built to those who suffered martyrdom in the great days of patrioteering and hysteria when the Tory in all his uncontrollable wrath was let loose upon the liberal public.

In reading over this remarkable work, this moving story of how English liberties have been won, many will find cause for gratification that in our trying age we have escaped the evils which marred the domestic life of England during the Napoleonic wars. CHARLES A. BEARD.

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A Drummer for the Sonnet

The English Sonnet, by T. W. H. Crosland. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.00.

THERE is something actually inspiring about the way that Mr. Crosland sets the bells ringing and the banners flying and the cannon roaring for "that brief poetic form of fourteen rhymed verses ranged according to prescription" called the sonnet. Rossetti and Wordsworth, with their "moment's monument" and "this small lute," would have let the sonnet in through some posterngate, and critics like William Sharp and Theodore Watts-Dunton would have casually hinted that it might have the franchise of the City of Poetry. Mr. Crosland, as has been said, sets the bells ringing and the banners flying and the cannon roaring. And why not? What has come into the City is something that embodies and reveals "a golden law."

Mr. Crosland is a born pamphleteer, and his book of two hundred and seventy pages is a pamphlet that might have for its title Petrarch Above the Others. He writes about the sonnet as a political enthusiast might write about the Czecho-Slovaks, praising their ancestry, their manifest destiny and their historic achievement and bringing confusion to their ill-wishers and their tepid supporters. Here is a sentence that reveals the hot-gospeller: "As a fact, great poets are not only the sanest people in the world, but physically and temperamentally the toughest, and this in spite of Keats and the 'die-young' theory. Otherwise nine-tenths of them would go under before they got their work done. And, taking them on the whole, sonneteers are a superior kind of poet, and saner and tougher even than the rest. Wordsworth, who wrote a greater number of sonnets than any modern poet, lived to be eighty, and Watts-Dunton, who wrote a greater number of sonnets than Swinburne, outlived him by several years, though he was born a year before him. There may be nothing in it, but for reasons of our own we like to think that there may be."

But if it is a pamphlet, The English Sonnet is a pamphlet opening to intellectual and imaginative vistas. It has, too, the merit that the pamphleteer strives for—conclusiveness. After Mr. Crosland's bit of hot-gospelling the patronage of and the apology for the sonnet will seem jejune; sonnets of the great kind will be more clearly distinguished; it will be understood that the greatest kind of poetry has been embodied in the sonnet, and that it is quite in accordance with a poetic law that poets shall continue to use it as a medium for their greatest utterance. Indeed we may begin to look on Petrarch as something else besides the sentimentalist and the formalist and accept Mr. Crosland's dedicatory praise of him as we accept Swinburne's praise of Villon.

> "Now in love and awe
> Let us remember one who loved most true,
> And, while the world flashed past him to the dust,
> Set up, in Padua, his golden law."

Mr. Crosland's argument, briefly, is this: sublimity is the highest quality of poetry—sublimity that is, in Coleridge's phrase, a combination of poetry and doctrine. Now, in English, sublimity climbs on decasyllables—blank verse, rhymed decasyllabic stanzas, or the sonnet. Blank verse lines that have the greatest weight of poetry are not merely akin to sonnet lines—they are sonnet-lines.

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> O thou art fairer than the evening air
> Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!

or,

> O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew!

These and a hundred other great blank-verse lines might be the openings of great sonnets. The sonnet rises to sublimity in a swift flight and the sonority provided by its rhyme-scheme; the variety given by the distinction between octet and sestet; the inward motion given by the "onset" in the opening of the octet and the "turn" in the opening of the sestet make it one of the great patterns in literature. Mr. Crosland legislates, or rather, he codifies the legislation, for the sonnet. The octet and the sestet must be clearly distinguished—indeed the two must be separate and complementary poems. The "turn" must be shown in the first line of the sestet; the distinct rhyme-schemes of the Shakespearian and the Petrarchan sonnets must not be mixed as several eminent sonneteers have mixed them. A further, and, as I think, a very welcome piece of legislation, is directed against the sonnet-sequence: great sonnets are isolated and do not depend for their significance on what has gone before or on what comes after; besides it is vain to think that one can tell a story in what are, by their very nature, reflective utterances.

The second part of The English Sonnet is taken up with the sonneteers—Wyatt and Surrey; Philip Sydney; the minor Elizabethan sonneteers; Drayton, Spencer, Shakespeare; then Milton, Keats, Wordsworth; and finally the successors of Wordsworth—three poets only, each repre-

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sented by one sonnet. With Wordsworth the modern English as distinct from the Shakespearian sonnet, has its rise—a sonnet that is "an affair of the intellect and the brooding spirit as well as of the fancy and the passion." Mr. Crosland recognizes the greatness of the Shakespearian form, but he insists that Shakespeare himself made it obsolete by writing the sonnets that generations might have written, and so filling up the pedestal.

There are only three sonnets credited to Wordsworth's successors—the sonnet of Alfred Austin's, beginning "Within the hollow silence of the night I lay awake and listened"; George Meredith's Lucifer in Starlight and Mrs. Meynell's Renouncement. Even this pick of the pick does not escape Mr. Crosland's critical onslaught. Alfred Austin's has against it, not only that it was written by Alfred Austin, but that "it is villainously rhymed." George Meredith's "has a close rhyme in the sestet" ("scars" and "stars" one guesses) and Mrs. Meynell's has "a feminine 'never, never,' and four 'thees' in the octet with the curiously otiose 'difficult day' in the first line of the sestet." Nevertheless he adds "We must place it side by side with the Love Parting of Drayton and Wordsworth's Westminster Bridge sonnet and 'it is a beauteous evening calm and free'—that is to say it is one of the four greatest sonnets of pure emotion in English."

The English Sonnet is valuable and entertaining as exposition and argument. And besides the exposition and argument devoted to the sonnet as such it has a reading of that over-read riddle—Mr. W. H. and the sonnets inscribed to him. Mr. Crosland's argument here is fresh and compels a good deal of assent. Then the series of sonnets that he gives—the best of Shakespeare, Drayton, Sidney, Spenser, Milton, Keats and Wordsworth—makes a noteworthy anthology. It is worth while going through a big volume to get such great and little-known sonnets as Drayton's on Secrecy and Philip Sidney's on Desire. I do not think Mr. Crosland would be blamed for partiality to a friend and a colleague if he had added Lord Alfred Douglas's sonnet on Oscar Wilde's death to the three contemporary sonnets he has cited. It is not in the same flight as Lucifer in Starlight or Renouncement. But if my memory is not about to betray me it would not seem halting if placed beside Alfred Austin's. And why has Mr. Crosland failed to cite Blanco White's sonnet Night? Has he ruled it out because the octet being built on the Petrarcan model the sonnet should not close with the Shakespearian clinch.

> Why then should we shun death with anxious strive—
> If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

Article 6 in the canon that Mr. Crosland promulgates (It has twenty-one articles, by the way) is condemnatory. "No sestet should contain a rhymed couplet or couplets, and a sestet may not end with a rhymed couplet. The reason for this is, that what virtually amount to three rhymed couplets have already been used in the octet, and a further couplet or couplets in the sestet thus becomes monotonous. The final rhymed couplet belongs exclusively to the Shakespearian sonnet and must not be used in a modern English sonnet in any circumstances." So runs the law, but one might make Blanco White's a test case. It is magnificent in its emotion, its imagery and, in spite of Mr. Crosland's ruling against the couplet, its sonority. Its existence will always make us willing to traverse an article of Mr. Crosland's canon.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Understanding Revolution

Fox et La Révolution Française, by Amy-Henri Chardon. Paris: Bossard. 3 fr.

M. CHARDON has nothing new to tell us of a theme that can never grow cold; but he writes with real charm and an evident knowledge of his subject. There is, indeed, a sense in which his pamphlet is, at this time, particularly apposite; for we have grave need, and not in Europe only, of a Fox to stand to the Russian Revolution with the same generous insight that he displayed to its predecessor. Like Fox, it is probable that he would stand in a minority; like Fox also, he would not fail to have the men of property and the churches—the great twin brethren of all significant conservatism—against him. But he would at least serve to utter challenge against the fashion in which the inertia of the masses is used to betray a freedom that they do not understand.

The reputation of Fox has suffered gravely at the hands of his admirers. His charm is so great that it tends, in their portraits, to obscure the real insight he had into the temper of his time. His vast passion for freedom, his immense knowledge of foreign affairs, his mastery of those arts of debate which are so fundamental to a parliamentary system have been forgotten in the description of his broken friendship with Burke, his unwise coalition with North, and the long years of fruitless opposition to the uncreative despotism of the younger Pitt. We too rarely remember the fundamental rightness of his outlook upon every great question of his generation. He was right about America, he was right about Ireland, he was right about slavery, he was right about freedom of the press. The great difference between him and Pitt is that he did not, like the latter, sell his convictions to a blind and obstinate king in exchange for the retention of power. And all this, as M. Chardon emphasizes, is but the prelude to his attitude to the French Revolution. It is not without interest to compare its early moments with those of its Russian offspring. There was, the world over, the same sense of transport at its birth. It seemed to all men as though its coming heralded the dawn of a new renaissance. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Burke—all of them united to welcome it. Burke went into furious opposition so soon as it became evident that political reconstruction implied also economic change. The poets deserted it immediately the ungenerous folly of the émigrés and the criminal stupidity of the sovereigns of Europe involved the misery of successive dictatorships. Fox alone remained true to his original insight that the Revolution was in fact and despite of all its errors a movement of liberation. He saw that once the old regime had been destroyed it could never return. He insisted that the terrorism of the Jacobins, the conception of the Directory, the tyranny of Bonaparte were all the sequel of the European determination to crush what it did not understand. He sympathized with that sense of freedom which made France eager to send its message to the whole world. He understood that the recognition of the Constituent Assembly by Pitt and his active assistance against the unregeneracy of Prussia and of Austria, would perhaps have prevented the Napoleonic wars and certainly have rendered impossible the holocaust of reaction that followed. But once Burke had raised the cry of property in danger, the bloodshed which was inevitable after the émigrés had been loosed upon Europe provided the means to prevent the new freedom from attaining its full fruition. Henceforth Fox was, until Napoleon had seized upon the old despotism as an excuse for the new, an Athanasius against the world.

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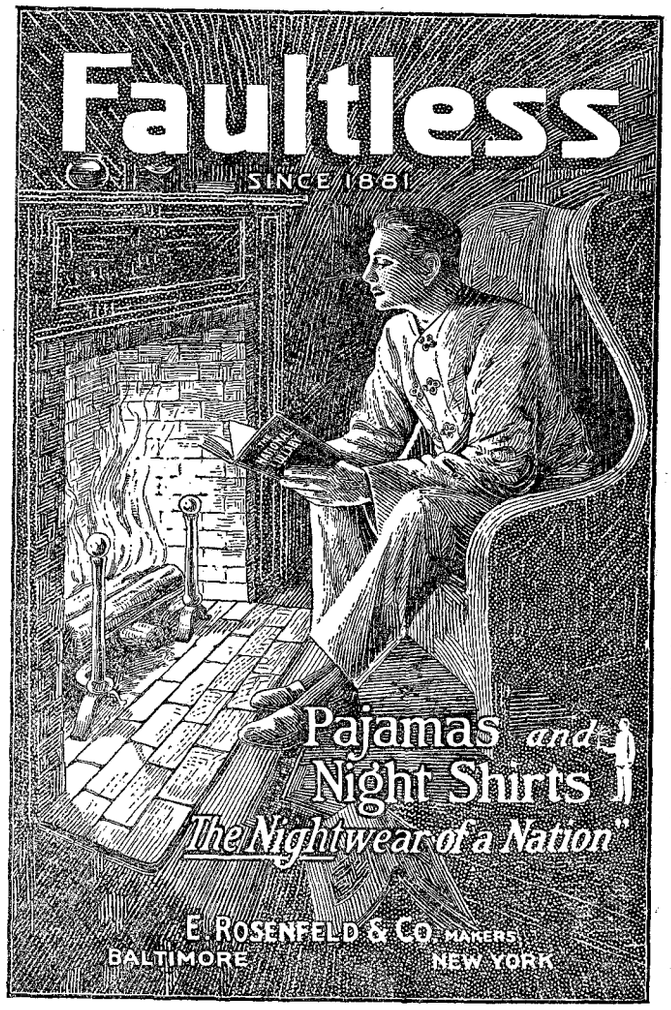

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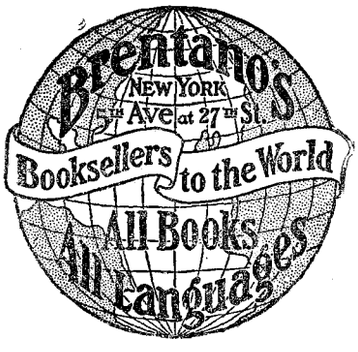

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It is a tragic spectacle, but perhaps no whit more tragic than our own determination to misunderstand events in Russia. There, too, we welcomed with enthusiasm a Revolution which we fondly hoped would follow the classic model of 1688. The conditions were unfavorable to that synthesis; a new class swept into power. The old Europe, unaccustomed even to the theory of proletarian government, except as a nightmare to be dealt with by the magistrate, turned as in 1790, from uncritical enthusiasm to obstinate hatred. It did not matter that it could not really know even the largest outlines of the fast-changing scene. It knew only that there was a war and that Russia had ceased to fight. It pictured the new rulers as a grasping race of fanatics who had betrayed a sacred cause. There is a grim irony in the thought; protest against revolution in the name of freedom from those whose gold betrayed it a decade before. Nor is the fashion in which the new Russia has been invaded dissimilar to that of France. It would have been easy to recognize her government, to assist in her reconstruction that she might ring round Germany with a fence of liberal thought. So France looked to England in 1792; it appeared impossible, as M. Chardon well says, that the nation which had created representative government should not, as the parent, welcome its latest offspring. So Russia looked to England and France and America in our own day.

It will always be one of the great problems of historical enquiry as to why each age is unreceptive to its own novelties. Habit and fear, doubtless, account for much; for routine prevents the spending of that thought which is the chief direction of economy. Receptiveness to new ideas is yet the one sure hope we have against the pain of disorder. Reform if you would preserve, is as Macaulay said, the one sure lesson of events; it is also the one text for the preaching of which the prophet is certain of his neighbors' stones. There have, indeed, been men in the past who with a firm hand could feel the pulse of their generation. Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill and T. H. Green, all of them, in the scholar's silent fashion, laid the foundation of changes more beneficent than those wrought by all the statesmen of their century. Of Cobden and Bright, perhaps in less degree, the same remark may be made. A fresh and eager welcome to what is unaccustomed cannot, perhaps, mark the acts of men who hold the reins of power. By what they are they stand as the symbol of set order and tradition. They lack the enthusiasm of youth. Experience has sobered them into that caution which is the parent of inaction. It may well be that, as with Fox, the supreme gesture must come from one uncharged with the responsibilities of power. The leader of an opposition can legislate only by prevention. It is his to give counsel and warning, to interpret the event rather than to meet it. In such an aspect, it may well seem the gravest of our misfortunes that the war, as in the Napoleonic period, has destroyed the system of parliamentary opposition. For, in so doing, it has made us as men whose tongues will not utter the fears and hopes within our hearts.

H. J. L.

Contributors

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT, is the author of French Perspectives. Has been in France for several months and is contributing a series of articles to the New Republic.

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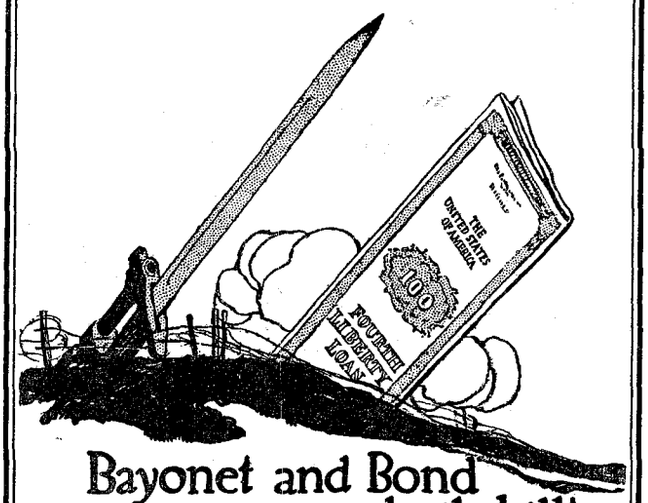

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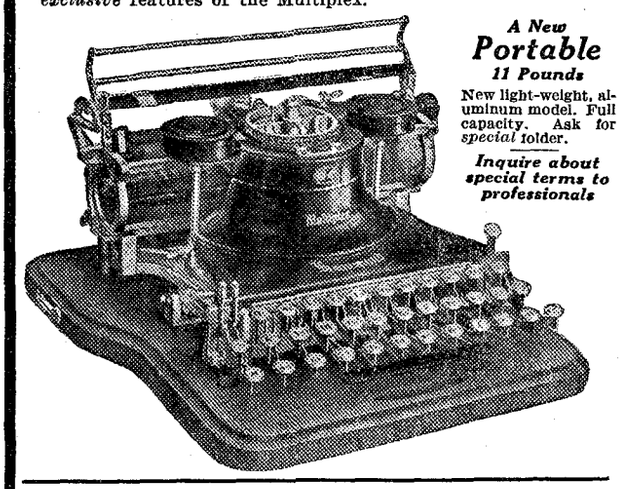

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